Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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THE CASE AGAINST WILSON

BY THE EDITOR

SINCE enumerating in the October number of this REVIEW the reasons why a Democratic Congress should be returned we have awaited without prejudice and with open mind the appearance of arguments designed to impel a contrary conclusion. So it is that now, but a few days prior to the election, the question arises:

Upon what grounds does the opposition, upon which the burden of proof clearly rests, seek the suffrages of American citizens?

For answer we can look only to the declarations of recognized leaders. Of these the most notable, of course, is Our Colonel, who is not merely the chief, but is rapidly becoming the rank and file, of the Recessive party. Since, however, for obvious reasons, it seems fitting to leave him for passing consideration after the event, let us advert to the outgivings of Republicans who are supposed to speak with authority.

First upon the list appears the name of William Howard Taft; that is to say, as the name of a former Republican President it should appear there, but it does not. Why, we can only surmise. Perhaps Mr. Taft has definitely determined to rest upon his well-earned laurels as the worst-licked, the least-sore, and the best-liked of all our Presidents. If so, we would not ruffle his repose.

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Then comes Elihu Root, lawyer, statesman, diplomat, the best-equipped all-around mind in American public life, whatever may be thought of his predilections or his partisan proclivities. As in duty if not in pleasure bound, this most distinguished of Senators attends and presides over the party convention of his State and strikes—what shall we say? The keynote? The tinkling cymbal? Or the flatulent bassoon? Let us see.

"The Democratic party," declared the Senator, "took possession of the National Government a year and a half ago with a programme of policy by which they proposed to set free every American from the incubus of too great success by others, to reduce the cost of living, and to give new life and prosperity to American production and commerce and more ample and certain returns to American industry."

What he meant to say, of course, and what he would have said if he had been defining an intent before an unprejudiced court instead of before a biased convention, was that the Democratic party had proposed to free every American, not from "the incubus of too great success"—a quite ridiculous and wholly unwarranted assertion—but from unfair competition "by others"; that it had declared a belief "that no substantial relief from the high cost of living can be secured until import duties on the necessaries of life are materially reduced and criminal conspiracies are broken up"; and that it had expressed an aspiration to expand the boundaries of American commerce. Complaint need hardly be made of the Senator's interpretation of the Democratic purpose. Though shrewdly inexact, it was in a broad sense substantially correct, and full compensation for its unpreciseness is to be found in the seemingly unconscious implication of grave need of such reforms after sixteen years of Republican rule.

"The tariff," continued the Senator, "was to be for revenue only, and by removing protection it was to set free American industry and reduce the cost of living. . . . Have the rewards of American industry been increased? We all know that they have not; but that, on the contrary, production has been decreased. Many mills and factories have closed or are running but a part of the time. Great numbers of American employees have been thrown out of work."

This statement is, we believe, correct as of the date of making, although there has since been a marked revival in

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some lines of manufacturing. The circumstance was probably inevitable; in any case, the fact is quite evident that sufficient time has not yet elapsed for full readjustment of industrial conditions to the new requirements; and the party in power must necessarily accept the consequences.

"Although," the Senator continued, "eight months have passed since the banking and currency act became a law, it has not yet been put into operation, while the proposed legislation against trusts and corporations has not yet been completed. Those measures, however, have not been without their effect upon the welfare of the country. The various forms in which they have been cast, the discussion upon them, the avowed objects, the unavowed but ill-concealed objects, the spirit of the dominant party in dealing with them, all have combined to impress the enterprise of the country with a sense that the Government is hostile. Assurances to the contrary do not avail against the general weight of evidence derived from conduct."

Whether the Senator meant to chide the Administration for not hastening the operation of the Currency Act and the passage of the anti-trust laws is not apparent. If so, not only as a captious critic, but as a conservative citizen, he stands alone. The remainder of his utterance is cryptic to a degree. When a statesman skilled in the expression of ideas begins to make mysterious discrimination between "trusts" and "enterprise" as "avowed" or "unavowed" objects of Government hostility, we can but conclude that he finds himself upon ice so thin that rapid movement is essential to his own preservation.

"And yet," the Senator concluded, reproachfully, "the cost of living has not been reduced; we all know that it has not."

Indeed, yes; but would it have been lessened by perpetuating the excessive tariff taxation and monopolistic control which not only caused its rise, but fixed the increase so firmly that years, perhaps, must elapse before material reduction can be achieved? We all—and none better than the Senator himself—know that it would not and could not. Senator Root's attack upon the intrenched Democracy is the merest peck. Let us pass on.

Philander C. Knox, emerging from the dusk of comparative obscurity, rises to remark that "the Democrats prattle about peace, yet they have the distinction of beginning a

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war upon a famished and distraught neighboring people" —an accusation whose falsity hardly calls for demonstration. That President Wilson erred in refusing to recognize the *de facto* government of Mexico we were convinced at the time and still believe, but if it be a fact that "all the bloodshed with which Mexico has been cursed during the past eighteen months was due to the failure to recognize Huerta," we would ask, politely, Upon whose shoulders rests the primary responsibility, if not upon those of President Taft and Secretary Philander C. Knox, who deliberately withheld such recognition for weeks, and thereby created a precedent which their successors could hardly ignore with propriety? True, an issue—a just cause of criticism—may lie in the present Administration's course toward Mexico, but not for Mr. Knox.

Senator Smoot, as the successor of Mr. Aldrich in partisan leadership, directs attention justifiably to "extravagant and ever-increasing appropriations," but when he declares that "if the tariff law as it existed before the passage of the Underwood Bill had been left alone" there would be no need of a war tax, he must know that he only discredits the intelligence of his hearers. Cessation of imports necessarily involves cessation of revenue; as between tariffs it is wholly a matter of degree; and the President stated a simple fact when he wrote to Mr. Underwood:

> The import duties collected under the old tariff constituted a much larger proportion of the whole revenue of the Government than do the duties under the new. A still larger proportion of the revenue would have been cut off by the war had the old taxes stood, and a larger war tax would have been necessary as a consequence.

A school-boy, to say nothing of a statesman of Senator Smoot's recognized ability, can understand that. Whether or not the facts warrant the President's further assertion that "no miscalculation, no lack of foresight, has created the necessity for the taxes, but only a great catastrophe, world-wide in its operation and effects," is a matter of opinion. The truth is that nobody can tell whether the Underwood Bill would have produced sufficient revenue for the present fiscal year under normal conditions; all that is really known is that it did for the preceding year; all else is conjecture. For ourselves, we have our doubts, but frankly should not have lamented a deficiency which might have made reduction in expenditures essential. There is no

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real issue here, but Senator Smoot makes one when he says:

> The law authorizes the President to borrow money on certificates of indebtedness, so far as may be needed, up to $100,000,000. It has never been the policy of the Government to raise by way of taxation all funds necessary in such a case as that now presented. It would be much better to use that $75,000,000 deposited in the banks as it might become necessary, as it would almost immediately return to circulation, than to impose additional taxes. It would be better to issue temporary certificates of indebtedness than to impose taxes with the present condition of the country and with the enormous increase in taxation already imposed upon the people.

The President set forth his views upon these proposals in his message to Congress in these words:

> The Treasury itself could get along for a considerable period, no doubt, without immediate resort to new sources of taxation. But at what cost to the business of the community? Approximately $75,000,000, a large part of the present Treasury balance, is now on deposit with national banks distributed throughout the country. It is deposited, of course, on call. I need not point out to you what the probable consequences of inconvenience and distress and confusion would be if the diminishing income of the Treasury should make it necessary rapidly to withdraw these deposits. And yet without additional revenue that plainly might become necessary, and the time when it became necessary could not be controlled or determined by the convenience of the business of the country. It would have to be determined by the operations and necessities of the Treasury itself. Such risks are not necessary and ought not to be run. We cannot too scrupulously or carefully safeguard a financial situation which is at best, while war continues in Europe, difficult and abnormal. Hesitation and delay are the worst forms of bad policy under such conditions.
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> And we ought not to borrow. We ought to resort to taxation, however we may regret the necessity of putting additional temporary burdens on our people. To sell bonds would be to make a most untimely and unjustifiable demand on the money-market; untimely, because this is manifestly not the time to withdraw working capital from other uses to pay the Government's bills; unjustifiable, because unnecessary. The country is able to pay any just and reasonable taxes without distress. And to every other form of borrowing, whether for long periods or for short, there is the same objection. These are not the circumstances, this is at this particular moment and in this particular exigency not the market, to borrow large sums of money. What we are seeking is to ease and assist every financial transaction, not to add a single additional embarrassment to the situation.

In a word, the Senator would cripple business or borrow; the President would encourage business and pay as he goes. So according to the record, but not for a moment, in our belief, as a fact. Mr. Smoot knows better; here he speaks as a politician, not as a statesman committed to sound

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finance; hence whatever the President proposes is wrong. Cannot one hear in ready imagination the Senator's ringing denunciation of a Democratic President actually straining the Nation's credit or fettering its commerce in a time like this? Compared with what he surely would have said of such a performance, his present declamation is the merest whisper. But if, as a maker and interpreter of Republican policy, he finds the issue which he has raised to his liking, both the President and the Democratic party may well rejoice. And there, perhaps, we may leave Senator Smoot.

It is refreshing to turn from politics to statesmanship, from prejudice to reason. Senator William E. Borah stands forth, by contrast with the Smoots, the Knoxes, the Penroses, the Manns, the Cannons, and the Paynes, the foremost Liberal Republican of the present day. Intellectually the peer of Mr. Root or Mr. Lodge, he surpasses either in comprehension of the public will and public hope, and has imbibed more freely from his environment the moving spirit of the times. A strong partisan, as one may well and properly be, yet not a bigot, firm in conviction but ever amenable to argument, resolute but tolerant, the power of his mentality, his earnestness, and his sincerity is enhanced immeasurably by his breadth and fairness. It is with a sense of relief and gratification that we advert to presentation of the case of the opposition by such an one.

Speaking in the Senate on the pending Emergency Tax measure, not wholly as a partisan, although he had "no objection to being considered one," Mr. Borah first recounted the many Democratic iterations in favor of economical government, and then said:

> If our friends had no more than approached the amount of expenditures which had preceded their inauguration into power, if they had no more than equaled the amount which had been expended during the immediate previous Congresses, what would be their position with reference to this subject of extravagance? It would seem that they would still be clearly within the inhibition and within the anathema which they had assessed upon their predecessor. But what is the situation? It is not that it has been equaled, and thereby is subject to their own charge of extravagance, but it has far exceeded, during the last eighteen months, that of the previous Congresses or the previous months of the previous administration. That which they denounced as shameless waste approaches economy in the light of the record of these past eighteen months. With this stern denunciation fresh upon the lips of Democracy we find all about the indisputable evidence of insincerity and want of candor.

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The truth of this indictment is indisputable. Nevertheless, unlike his fellow-Republicans, Senator Borah did not place the entire responsibility for excessive expenditures upon the Democratic party; he recognized the effect of a general and seemingly irresistible trend toward extravagance, which in his judgment had hardly begun.

"We are inaugurating," he continued, "with marvelous speed and remarkable inconsiderateness a system of government which will devolve upon the people of this country a burden of taxation the like of which the people have never for a moment contemplated. We propose now, sir, to have an expert, a special agent, an investigator, to accompany every citizen and to oversee every business and every line of industrial activity. The present thus being presented to the people may be what they want, but I warn them now it will be costly beyond anything they have contemplated. Such a system fattens by what it feeds upon. It creates a governmental class always complaining of too much service and too little pay; it invents jobs and fosters all forms of waste and expenditures."

That this criticism would apply with approximate equality to Democrats, Republicans, and Progressives alike is sufficiently evident to all observers and is, indeed, the plain inference to be deduced from the Senator's utterance. With respect to the immediate situation, he found the Democratic party culpable in certain specific instances, such as is afforded by an increase of more than one thousand employees in the Treasury Department alone—surely a just cause for complaint; but he did not hesitate to allot a fair proportion of blame to the common tendency. He continued:

> The new currency law created five new offices, with salaries of $12,000 each, and increased the salary of the Comptroller of the Currency from $5,000, at which sum it had remained for fifty years, to $12,000. The new Trade Commission Act creates five commissioners at $10,000 each and a secretary at $5,000, and that is only an intimation of what that will be.
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> The Interstate Commerce Commission deals with about 2,200 corporations. The cost of running the Interstate Commerce Commission last year was $1,833,269. We have in the United States about 305,000 corporations. Out of this 305,000 about 163,000 will come under the Trade Commission's jurisdiction, if it see fit to exercise the jurisdiction.
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> So, Mr. President, if we should provide or make an allowance such as is based upon the expenditure of the Interstate Commerce Commission the operation of the Trade Commission alone would amount to $1,367,000,000 a year. But suppose it only amounts to one-half that, and if it ever

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amounts to anything at all in the way of effective service it will have to amount to at least one-half of that.

"Those things," Senator Borah declared with admirable candor, "the people may desire and will approve of, but there should be no longer any complaint about extravagance in the way of the operation of the Government, because if the people of the United States want their entire business done at Washington they will have to pay for it. If they want these matters to be overseen and controlled and regulated one thousand miles or two thousand miles from their homes they will have to pay for it. But whether it shall prove satisfactory to the people or not, this much is true: The amount of the governmental expenditures heretofore in the operation of the Government at Washington will be comparatively small and modest compared with the amount of expenditure which will be made in all future years if we continue to enlarge upon these bureaus.

"Already for this year the actual expense of our departments at this time is $3,000,000 a month in excess of the last year of the Republican administration. That is not by reason of the fact that there has been any defalcation or anything of that kind, but it is because of constantly enlarging and creating offices, providing salaries, and providing for those people who shall do those things that ought to be imposed upon the individual citizen himself to do under the observance of some law which had been passed for his guidance. That is only a beginning of what we may expect in a very short time if these bureaucratic practices continue."

While holding that the Emergency Tax would not have been required if economy had been practised, Mr. Borah emphatically declined to be drawn by his partisan colleagues into criticism of the methods recommended by the President. Replying to Senator Bristow, he said:

I understand that the President thinks it is unwise to withdraw Government money from the banks, because that would be to take it out of the channels of business; and that he is of the opinion that to tax the people and collect the money in that way is not to take it out of the channels of business. I may not interpret the message correctly, and I would not do the President an injustice. There may be another view.

And to Senator Townsend, he declared flatly:

I agree with the proposition that in the present condition of business affairs it might be very disastrous to call for money anywhere in large

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amounts. I think that it would be likely to create a condition of affairs which would be serious.

So far as the present exigency is concerned, therefore, Mr. Borah, while deploring the need, virtually upholds the President. And clearly it was from no partisan spirit that, in conclusion, he spoke these suggestive words:

Mr. President, the first and indispensable principle of any righteous system of taxation is economy. Any tax, however and wherever laid, whether upon the necessaries or luxuries, upon the virtues or vices of men, beyond that necessary for the economical administration of the Government is nothing less than the exploitation of the people through the arbitrary and brutal power of the Government. It is true the people can pay this tax, and would do so were it many times heavier. But that is not the question. Economy in public expenditures makes for good citizenship; it builds up the moral fiber of the people; it strengthens their faith in their Government and augments and arouses their patriotism. It teaches economy and frugality in private affairs. It breeds confidence, and lights up the whole field of private endeavor with optimism and hope. It makes for a happy, contented, sturdy, hopeful people.

Instead, therefore, of laying more taxes, or putting heavier burdens upon the business world and upon wages, why not commence with this economy to which we have all time and time again most faithfully pledged ourselves? Extravagance has gone far enough to justly excite the alarm of the most conservative and patriotic men. The cancer spot may not be large, but it is a cancer just the same. No hour can be too early to cut it out. And even, sir, if all the honor and the glory should finally be accredited to the present leader of the Democracy, which his fondest admirers believe will be his, this excision would in the long course of the years, if followed up, exceed in glory all the rest. If he should establish the precedent of real economy and bring the Government back to a sane basis in this respect, while men might differ and disagree as to all other acts, the people would pay to him undivided homage for this.

These are words of wisdom which the President may well ponder to advantage. While justifiably criticizable for neglect of this vital problem thus far, it is but fair to assume that he recognized the evils of the system as portrayed by Senator Borah, but found them rooted so deeply that he could not hope to attack them successfully while so many matters of greater imminence pressed for attention. But the way is now cleared, and we have reason to believe that it is the purpose of Mr. Wilson to undertake a complete reformation of governmental appropriations such as Mr. Taft essayed somewhat tentatively and failed utterly to achieve. That he will succeed if accorded full opportunity is a fair deduction from his past performances, but it is quite certain that no efforts can avail with a Government politically divided. The facts of the situation,

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therefore, fortified, oddly enough, by the strong indictment and powerful plea of Senator Borah, constitute an unmistakable reason for the election of a House of Representatives whose co-operatiin with the President will be assured.

So much, then, for the main grounds, both partisan and rational, upon which the Republican party seeks partial reinstatement. There may be others, but if so they are not in evidence. Indeed, there has appeared nothing more remarkable in our political history than the transparent fear of the opposition to attack the present Administration. Time was when the Republican party was aggressive to the verge of recklessness. To-day it is more than timorous; it is positively benumbed in the face of a personality so strong as to have become for the time at least irresistible. The name Wilson appears in no Republican platform, is spoken by no Republican orator; the Hon. William Murray Crane, we are credibly informed, does not venture even to whisper it; and, as for Our Colonel, all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot draw it from his parched lips. Among public journals, too, barring a few great daily newspapers, this REVIEW seems to be the only one of consequence that recognizes and, of course, will continue to recognize its obligation to praise only when praise is due, and to condemn unsparingly when just warrant for censure shall appear. But for a painful lack of that undefinable attribute commonly termed a sense of humor, we should derive no little amusement from contemplation of a condition which, after two years, finds Woodrow Wilson smiling benignly upon a united Democracy, a paralyzed Republican party, and a withered Armageddon.

We have received the following communication:

BOSTON, *October 17, 1914.*

SIR,—I have read with much interest your judicious and judicial review of the accomplishments of the present Democratic administration, and welcome your conclusion that the country can fairly be urged to make the coming elections an emphatic testimonial of its approbation and confidence.

Personally I have been immensely impressed with what has been done in so short a space. In the ordinary career and history of a nation eighteen months is an almost negligible fraction of time. If the Wilson administration had occupied itself since March, 1913, in settling itself in the saddle and in planning for great things to be done in the future, it would have pursued the customary course and could not easily have been censured. But the fact is that during that period the National Government has de-

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voted itself to its duties with an assiduity quite unparalleled, has undertaken and brought to conclusion much important work—work largely constructive in its nature and bound to permanently influence for good the fortunes of the country.

A high protective antiquated tariff, for example, full of absurdities and abuses, has been subjected to a reasonable downward revision, has been supplemented by an income tax which puts upon wealth a larger and fairer share of the burdens of taxation, and signalizes the passing, never to return, of such legislative crudities and extravagances as the Dingley Bill and the Payne-Aldrich Bill.

The Federal Reserve Bill inaugurates a new era in the financial history of the country, and in the judgment of bankers, business men, and experts generally will gradually but surely do away with the confusion and chaos which have heretofore disgraced American finance.

The trust legislation and the Alaska Railroad Bill also embody legislation which may fitly be described as essentially constructive. It is not claimed, it is not to be claimed, that these measures, or any of them, are the last words on the subjects they relate to. At this very writing the Federal Reserve Act, studied by statesmen and experts of all parties with the utmost diligence and enacted with as much deliberation and care as any statute ever had, is before Congress for amendments believed to be necessary and proper.

It is to be remembered that these measures represent a new order of things. They have been brought about in the face of fierce opposition by the lovers of the old order and no doubt embody more or less unavoidable, even if undesirable, compromises and concessions. Yet, when all is said, they at least make good beginnings, are steps in the right direction, and are faulty, if at all, rather in matter of detail than in point of sound principle.

If the Democratic party showed great sagacity in picking Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency, it has shown no less in trusting itself to his leadership. It was that trust which brought about the repeal of the "Panama Canal tolls exemption" through the votes of many Congressmen who honestly doubted the justice and wisdom of the repeal. They now unquestionably plume themselves upon their action. They now unquestionably realize that, because of that repeal and of the President's Mexican policy, and because of the good faith, sincerity, disinterestedness, and law-abidingness which mark the President's course in both these cases, the United States to-day occupies a position of supreme importance in the world. It is the one great Power not party to the awful carnage which is now desolating Europe and making modern civilization seem a sham and a reproach. It acts in foreign relations through its President and is the one agency through which ending the war can be urged upon the belligerents with the best chance of a hearing.

To weaken the President's prestige at this crisis, to make it appear that he and his administration are not trusted and supported by the American people, would be a calamity. At this juncture, and until discredited by some overt act of the American people, the President of the United States is not a Democratic asset merely, nor even an American asset, but an asset of the civilized world. It is due to ourselves, to the unhappy warring nations, and to humanity generally, that we do nothing to impair its value.

I am sir, very truly yours,

RICHARD OLNEY.

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Here speaks with characteristic vigor the Elder Statesman, the leading Elder Statesman, we should say, of the Democratic party, if not of the country. Having covered the same ground affirmatively in the October number of this REVIEW, and having now demonstrated, to our own satisfaction at least, that the Republicans have no case worth heeding, we have only this to add:

The President may, indeed, in his own words "look forward with confidence to the elections." There need be no apprehension of defeat when, anomalously, it is the opposition, not the party in power, that is on the defensive. Moreover, to our amazement and delight, Our Colonel, responding magnificently to our appeal, has 240 candidates for Congress in the running,—a sufficient number, in all conscience, to turn the flank of the enemy. Serenely, then, we guess—

That the Democrats will have a majority of between fifty and one hundred in the next House; that Governor Glynn will carry New York by more than fifty thousand; that Mr. Gerard will get even more, regardless of the effect upon the President's perturbed heart; that Our Colonel's former ally, Sulzer "the crook," will poll more votes than Mr. Davenport; that Roger Sullivan will win in Illinois; that Senators Smoot, Penrose, Gallinger, and Dillingham will be re-elected; that Mr. Cannon and Mr. Longworth will regain their seats; and that Governor Walsh will beat Mr. McCall if he has the luck which is the rightful heritage of a descendant of the kings of Ireland.

OUR PEACE AND EUROPE'S WAR

THE centenary of Waterloo threatens to be marked with another and greater Waterloo. That is the grimly deplorable fact which confronts Europe and the world. Only a little while ago the nations were preparing to celebrate the completion of a hundred years, if not of European peace, at least of exemption from general continental warfare. That would have been perhaps the only full century of such exemption in European history. But it was not to be. Before the hundred years were completed the Continent was again plunged into war, potentially the most extensive and certainly the most destructive in all its blood-stained annals. In a sense, that is Europe's affair rather than ours. What

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is very much and very directly our affair, however, is the fact that our own centennial anniversary of peace with Great Britain should find that country so desperately involved in war elsewhere as to make anything like the intended celebration impossible, and to render still more vain any hope of interesting therein some of the Continental Powers.

From one point of view this impingement of war upon the centenary of peace is disheartening. We lose, and the world loses, the inspiration, the instruction, and the almost immeasurable ironic impulse which would have arisen from such a celebration. We lose the Third World's Peace Congress at The Hague, which would have come next year or the year after, but is now indefinitely postponed—if not to the Greek Kalends. We lose the fond expectation that the ending of one century of general peace in Europe would prove, as in Anglo-American relations, to be the beginning of another such era. All these things have been swept away in the mad torrent of needless and devastating war. Perhaps the worst of all is the fact the war has been marked by a cynical disregard and repudiation of treaties in which even those who are not skeptically or pessimistically inclined can scarcely avoid seeing a bad omen for the future sovereignty of international law.

There is beyond doubt much ground for these grave views of the situation. Yet neither America nor the world at large has cause to mourn as those without hope. If it is disheartening to have this war darken our centenary of peace, it is conversely encouraging to have that centenary and its suggestions lighten in some measure the gloom of the European cataclysm. It relieves to an appreciable extent the horror of the European situation to be gratefully reminded that while those Powers could not complete a century of peace, it has been possible to preserve amity for a full hundred years between two great world Powers which were formerly twice at war and which have been, and indeed still are, peculiarly subject to rivalries and diplomatic friction and causes of war; and that, moreover, the completion of this century of peace strongly confirms confidence in the continuation and perpetuation of that happy status.

How is it that America and Great Britain have been at peace for a hundred years and seem increasingly likely to remain at peace forever, while the great Powers of Europe

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have had several extensive wars among themselves during that period and are now involved in one of unprecedented magnitude? The question is well worthy of both our and their most careful consideration.

The reason for this contrast is not historic. There are traditional disputes and animosities between America and Great Britain, no less, if not, indeed, more, than between Great Britain and Germany, or between Germany and Russia. We have a record of two wars and many bitter disputes with Great Britain, and some of the issues over which the second of those wars was waged were not finally disposed of until only a few years ago. On the other hand, until the present there never was a war between Great Britain and Prussia, or between Germany and Russia; their record being one of unbroken peace. We have only to recall Florida, Oregon, Central America, Behring Sea, Venezuela, and Fortune Bay, not to mention the *Trent,* the *Alabama,* and the Laird ironclads, to realize how often and how perilously our century of peace swerved and swung toward the verge of war.

The reason is not geographic. It is true that we are separated from Great Britain by the whole Atlantic Ocean. But it is also true that for thousands of miles our national territory abuts directly upon that of the British Empire, and upon that portion of that empire which is most sensitive, most jealous, most self-assertive, and most inclined to cherish hostility toward the United States. No two European countries come into more intimate contact. Moreover, the practical annihilation of time and distance by modern scientific invention has made it a matter of indifference whether the width of the Atlantic or of the German Ocean divides two nations.

The reason is not ethnic. It is true that the United States was originally chiefly planted with and is still chiefly dominated by British stock. Yet it has, and long has had, so large and influential a non-British element that it is now as a whole scarcely more akin to Great Britain than is Germany. Great Britain and Germany, indeed, belong to the same race, while the three chief Allies are of three different and traditionally antagonistic races. If it be said that there is a racial cause for war between Germany and Russia, the Teuton and the Slav, the reply is that precisely as much of the same kind exists between France and Russia.

The reason is not economic. It is true that there has been

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for some time industrial and commercial rivalry between Great Britain and Germany. But it has been no more keen than that between Great Britain and the United States, and it has not lasted nearly as long as the latter. For a full generation our tariff legislation was chiefly framed and directed against British competition, and ever since our Civil War we have regretted or resented Great Britain's supplanting of American commerce on the high seas.

The reason is not to be found in non-militarism. It is true that while the chief international boundaries of Europe are marked with double lines of monstrous forts, the thousands of miles between American and British territory have not a single guarding gun. But it cannot be maintained that that condition is the cause of peace. Great Britain has not refrained from the erection of powerful fortifications at Vancouver and Halifax, nor from the establishment of naval stations at Bermuda and Santa Lucia. Her navy has potentially been arrayed against us as much as against Germany; and we have not discriminated in her favor in the redevelopment of our naval power. We and she are not at peace because our abutting borders are unarmed; rather are they left unarmed because we are agreed to be at peace.

The chief reason for this grateful contrast, then, is suggested by that word, agreed. These two countries a century ago not only made peace, but agreed to maintain it. They began to cultivate the habit of agreement, or of seeking agreement, through diplomacy and arbitration and adjudication. That has been the dominant and significant feature of our century of peace. A roster of all the world's international arbitrations and adjudications in the last hundred years shows an amazing plurality of such processes between these two countries, over those among all others. Long before the beginning of our century of peace, indeed, Franklin and Hamilton, possibly the greatest two of our statesmen in that era if not in all time, and also the two who preeminently impressed and influenced Great Britain as well as America—they two gave to this country its bent toward such peaceful methods of settling disputes, and enlisted therein the practical sympathy and co-operation of Great Britain.

Doubtless there are other reasons, operative to some extent. Among them is certainly the wise policy established

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by Washington at the very beginning of our constitutional life, of observing strict neutrality between alien belligerents, and of refraining from entangling alliances with European Powers. But the overwhelmingly dominant reason for the difference which is now so strikingly displayed between Anglo-American relations and the relations among the European Powers is that these two countries have invariably contemplated peaceful rather than forcible means of composing their differences, while in Europe the habitual recourse has been to the sword. Between America and Great Britain the invariable comment upon a disagreement has been, "Well, we've got to settle this thing without fighting over it!" while among too many European Powers it has been, "Well, we shall have to come to a fight, some time or other!" As a nation thinketh, so is it. The nations which, with all their friction and rivalry and straining of relations, have consistently thought of peace between them, have succeeded in keeping the peace. The nations which have accustomed themselves to think of war, have war.

If the full significance of that can be impressed upon governments, and still more upon the people who increasingly are holding governments in the hollow of their hands, it will not be in vain that our peace commemoration occurs amid the clangor of a great world-war.

DUNDONALD'S DESTROYER

The present war in Europe raises again the more than century-old question, What was Dundonald's Destroyer? What was the invention of that extraordinary genius which would infallibly enable one belligerent to annihilate another at a stroke, but which would be so appalling in its results that the British Government would not "shock humanity" by employing it, but kept and still keeps it shut and sealed securely away from the knowledge of fighting men?

The fame of Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, has been clouded by his own imprudence, indiscretion, and ungovernable temper. It must be conceded, however, that for daring and resourcefulness as a naval officer he ranks second to none in a service which has known the deeds of a Drake, a Blake, a Rodney, and a Nelson; and that as a scientist, in research and invention, he was of truly eminent at-

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tainments. A device put forward by such a man inevitably commands attention and piques curiosity as to its character.

It was in 1811 that he first proposed his scheme to the British Government. This was during the period of his disfavor and non-employment by the Admiralty, because of the affair of the Basque Roads and its sequel. In that attack upon the French fleet Dundonald had performed marvels of skill and daring, rivaling the finest deeds of Drake and Nelson, and was prevented from totally destroying the French fleet only by the conduct of his superior officer, Lord Gambier, which was marked with an almost inconceivable degree of either imbecility or scoundrelism. Dundonald could not restrain his righteous indignation, and said things which made it necessary for the Admiralty to bring Gambier before a court-martial. But as the Admiralty was both grossly biased in favor of Gambier and notoriously corrupt, he was of course acquitted, while Dundonald was cast into disfavor and left without a command.

Despite these circumstances, the great captain made his invention and laid it before the Government. That body appointed a secret committee to investigate it and report upon it. The composition of the committee indicates the seriousness with which the Government regarded the matter, and also the weight which is attached to the report which was made. The chairman of the committee was the Duke of York, second son of George III., commander-in-chief of the army, and while an unsuccessful soldier in the field, perhaps the ablest administrator of military affairs of his age. Associated with him were Admirals Lords Keith and Exmouth, two of the very foremost and most competent officers of the British Navy; and the two Congreve brothers, of the ordnance department, one of whom, Sir William, was the inventor of the military rocket which bore his name and of many other military and industrial appliances of great value. It would probably have been impossible, in Great Britain or elsewhere, to select a committee of five of a more competent and authoritative character.

To these men Dundonald disclosed his device, at least sufficiently to convince them concerning it. He had said that it afforded "the infallible means of securing at one blow our maritime superiority and of thereafter maintaining it in perpetuity—of at once commencing and terminating a war

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by one conclusive victory." Again he declared of it that "no power on earth could stand against this attack." The committee, after careful investigation and consideration, reported that he had not exaggerated the potency of his device. There was no question that it would do all that he claimed for it. As a method of attack upon an enemy, on either sea or land, it was irresistible and infallible. Of this, they declared, there was no room for doubt. His demonstration left nothing to speculation, but placed the scheme upon the basis of indubitable and absolute certainty.

The committee would not recommend the adoption of the scheme. Why? Not because of any doubt of its efficiency, but rather because of the certain assurance of its too great efficiency. Its destructiveness was too great. Its devastation would be inhuman. It would transcend the limits of permissible warfare. Therefore they recommended that it be not adopted, and that it be kept a profound secret, so that no other Power, less scrupulous than England, could get it and use it for the annihilation of England and the conquest of the world.

The need of some means of coping with Napoleon was so great, however, that the British Government laid the plan away with much reluctance. It even wanted to use it in part, or to use a part of it, against the French at Toulon. To this, however, Dundonald would not assent, and the committee supported him in his dissent. To use only a part of it would not be fair to him. Moreover—and this was a much more grave objection from one point of view—such partial use would reveal the whole plan to the enemy and to other countries, and enable them in turn to practise it against England. If used at all it must be used fully, and carried to the logical extent of establishing and maintaining British supremacy over the whole world.

Yet in order to demonstrate the efficiency of the thing, and to strike a decisive blow at the enemy, he offered himself to employ it against Flushing, which was then Napoleon's center of menace against England, provided that he was permitted to use it in all its fullness. To this, however, the Government would not agree, on the ground that a full application of his device would be too unspeakably dreadful. It would not be war, they said; it would be annihilation.

The close of the war ended for the time all need of such a device. Dundonald then went to South America, there to

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be the chief agent in liberating Chili and Brazil from European domination. Before he went he entered into a solemnly sworn obligation not to disclose his device to any of those countries, nor to use it or to permit it to be used anywhere, unless in behalf of England. This promise he loyally kept, although in doing so he forfeited a large bounty which the South-American countries would have paid him for placing the invention at their disposal.

In 1846 there were fears of trouble with France, and Dundonald again called the attention of the Government to his device. Again the Admiralty appointed a secret but most distinguished and authoritative committee to investigate it, and to see if it seemed as efficient and as dreadful in the then advanced state of military science as it had seemed in the more primitive times of a generation before. In January, 1847, this committee reported that the former estimate of it still held good. There was not a shadow of doubt that Dundonald's device would not merely defeat, but actually destroy, annihilate, sweep out of existence, any hostile force against which it might be directed. But the use of such utter devastation was contrary to the principles of warfare to which civilized nations were committed. Besides—and this was a most significant statement, which Dundonald himself had made before—the first application of it would so reveal it to the world as to put it into the hands of all other nations. So the thing was not tried.

During the Crimean War Dundonald twice again put forward his proposal. The first time he was met with a prompt refusal, on the ground that the thing was too horrible. The second offer was made much later, when both Sebastopol and Cronstadt still seemed impregnable. The offer of means of reducing them in an hour was almost irresistibly alluring, and the British Government deliberated over it long, and at one time was inclined, in sheer desperation, to accept the offer. Indeed, it told Dundonald that it would accept and use his device if he would disclose it to two engineer officers and instruct them fully how to employ it against Sebastopol. But he refused. If it was used at all, he insisted, he must be commissioned to do it himself. While the Government was still haggling with him over this point, the war ended and the whole matter was again dropped.

He made no further offer of it, and he died in 1860, before another great war gave any occasion for the employment

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of his invention. But he insisted to the end, without contradiction, that the thing was all that he claimed it to be, and that one day it would be so recognized by the world. "Had it been known to the rebels in the Indian Mutiny, not a European in India would have escaped." The testimony of the experts who investigated it confirm this declaration as entirely reasonable. Since his death the plan has not been revived. It is supposed that an account of it is carefully hidden away somewhere in the pigeonholes or vaults of the British Admiralty, but even that is not certain. It may be that the essential details of it perished with its inventor.

What the device was remains a profound mystery, and piques both military and scientific curiosity. Of it we know little, but we do know some significant things. One is, that it was capable of being used on either land or sea, against navies, armies, or fortresses. This is demonstrated by his proposal to use it against the French fleet, or against the Russian fortresses, and his statement that it would have been effective against the British army in India. A second is, that it was exceedingly simple, so that comparatively unskilled people, like the Indians, could use it. A third was, that it was quite obvious in its application and operation, so that any one seeing it used once would know all about it and be able to use it. This latter is perhaps the most extraordinary feature of it, so far as we know it.

These three known characteristics eliminate the possibilities of its having been an aerial engine, unless it was simply a gas balloon dropping explosives or inflammables; a device which would scarcely have justified the estimates of it which experts made. It could not have been a submarine boat or a torpedo, for they had been known before, and they would be incapable of use on land or against forts. It could not have been any of the inventions in military science which have since then been made by others and been adopted into the use of armies and navies, for none of these approximate the destructiveness and decisiveness which Dundonald claimed for his device and which at least two committees of experts, at an interval of thirty-five years, confidently ascribed to it. In brief, we know pretty certainly what it was not; and must conclude that it was some mechanical, electrical, or chemical device such as never has been hit upon by another and thus has never been put into practice, or else that Dundonald himself and half a dozen of the most accom-

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plished scientific and military experts of his time were victims of a most extraordinary delusion.

NATURE SOLVING A RACE PROBLEM

NATURE seems to be slowly but surely solving our chief race problem. That is the conclusion which is almost inevitably drawn from an analysis of the vital and other statistics of American negroes which have just been published by the Census Bureau at Washington, statistics which are highly suggestive of various phases of the problem, and which are full of encouragement alike for the negro race itself and for those who regard with embarrassment and apprehension its numerous existence in this country.

The statistics cover the ten years from 1900 to 1910, the first ten of the century. They show, to begin with, what seems on its face to be a large increase in the negro element of population. In 1900 they were only 8,833,994, while in 1910 they were 9,827,762. That meant an increase of 993,768; which is, beyond doubt, a considerable number. Proportionately to the whole population, however, it does not appear so great. In fact, it shows a marked decrease. For in 1900 the negroes formed 11.6 per cent. of the whole population, while in 1910 they formed only 10.7 per cent. A decrease of 0.9 per cent. in ten years is not great, but neither is it so small as to be negligible.

Nor is this proportionate decrease of the negro element merely because of the enormous influx of white immigrants from Europe. It is true that the number of foreign-born whites in this country increased in those ten years by 30.7 per cent. But the number of native-born whites also increased by 20.8 per cent., or not far from twice the rate of the negroes, making it obvious that the proportion of negroes to whites would have declined if there had been no immigration at all.

This latter fact is the more noteworthy when taken in connection with some other features of the case. We are told that in 1910 there were only 989 male to 1,000 female negroes, while there were 1,060 male to 1,000 female whites. For obvious reasons an excess of females over males should tend to increase, and an excess of males over females should tend to decrease the birth-rate. Yet even with that circumstance in their favor the negroes lag far behind the whites.

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These figures may superficially seem discouraging if not actually ominous to the negro race. There is, however, another aspect of the case, which shows that the negroes are making marked advance in intelligence, health, and wealth. In the ten years under consideration illiteracy among negroes of ten or more years of age was reduced from 57.1 to 30.4. That was a splendid reduction, and the figures speak eloquently of the good work which has been done by even the rudest and most primitive "district schools" among the negroes. At the same time the sanitary conditions of the race were so improved that the death-rate, in the registration district, fell from 29.4 in 1900 to 25.5 in 1910. That fact also makes the slower increase of the negroes than of the whites the more worthy of note.

Finally, it appears that the total value of farm property of all kinds owned by negroes increased from $499,941,000 to $1,144,181,000. Now that was an increase of 56.30 per cent., while at the same time the value of all farm property in the United States increased only 50.13 per cent., showing that the negroes are acquiring wealth as farmers more rapidly than the rest of the nation. In connection with that it is to be remembered that while negroes formed in 1910 only 10.7 per cent. of the whole population, they formed 14.5 per cent. of the farmers.

As we have already said, the net result of these statistics is favorable and welcome from both points of view. The most ardent friends of the negro race would prefer to have it proportionately fewer in numbers as compared with the whites, provided that at the same time it became more intelligent, more thrifty and wealthy, and longer lived. Better a small element of sound and prosperous men than a large one of wastrels and derelicts.

In brief, Nature, left to her own beneficent processes, or with the appropriate adjuvant of man's patiently benevolent assistance, seems to be steadily working out a satisfactory and permanent solution of the so-called negro problem. It will be the part of highest patriotism to promote this process; not, of course, by arbitrarily trying to lessen still further the rate of negro increase, which is something which must be left to nature, but by assisting to improve the mental, physical, and pecuniary condition of the race; so that if it continues to grow proportionately fewer, it will at the same time, in even greater ratio, grow more fit.

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THE NEW EUROPE

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

I SUPPOSE there is nobody outside of Germany who does not see that this war can have but one ending. When the first great rush of the German armies upon France was met and foiled by a greater retreat, followed up by an offensive that hurled the invaders back almost upon their own frontiers, the issue of the struggle was virtually determined. It was vital to Germany's chances of success that she should crush the Allied forces in France during the opening weeks of the campaign. She came within measurable distance of doing so. The world has never seen, and may never see again, a spectacle of such overwhelming military efficiency as the Germans furnished after their momentary check at Liège. It justified everything that the warmest admirers of the German army as a machine and an organization have ever said in its praise; and it completely confounded those who thought that the very vastness of the structure might make it unwieldy. So far as the outside world could judge, scarcely a cog slipped. The perfection of its equipment, the massive simplicity of its strategy, the skill with which overpowering numbers were always concentrated at the decisive point, and the mobility, endurance, and disciplined valor of the troops during the month of August more than reproduced the staggering impression made upon our fathers by the German handling of the war of 1870. They hacked their way through northeastern France up almost to the gates of Paris. The splendor of the performance dazzled, I think, most people's eyes to the fact that it accomplished little. So long as the Franco-British armies, while always pushed back, had not been dissipated, much less destroyed, were still intact and still fighting, the German attack had failed in its main objective. For the task set the invaders was, and still is, not merely to sweep the Allies before them, but to place them *hors de combat,* to wipe them out on the field

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of battle or to lock them up behind the ramparts of fortresses—in any case to render them incapable of further effective action. The task set the Allies, on the other hand, was and still is to fight for time, to contest every yard of ground, to retire, if need be, to the Atlantic, but at any cost to remain in being. To keep Germany fully occupied in France, while Russia accumulates her forces for the invasion of the Fatherland, that is the supreme goal of Anglo-French strategy.

It has been most adequately achieved. Not only did the Allies cease their retirement, but in the first week of September they assumed the offensive, they drove the Germans first beyond the Marne and, secondly, beyond the Aisne, and for nearly a month, as I write, have held them there as in a vise. Thus after nine weeks of incessant fighting the smashing blow which was to annihilate the Anglo-French armies and leave Germany free to settle accounts with Russia has not been delivered, and, to all appearances, never will be delivered. Meanwhile the Russians, whose energy and dash and leadership have been perhaps the biggest surprise of the war, continue their remorseless and locust-like advance from the East, while the Serbs and Montenegrins with the utmost gallantry and success are harrying Austria-Hungary from the south. The Germans, I imagine, never counted much on their Austrian ally. But they can hardly have expected such a complete and humiliating exhibition of military inefficiency as the Dual Monarchy has displayed to the world from the opening gun of the war. The ill fortune of Austria on the battlefield has long been proverbial; this time it has pursued her into the very grave of the realm of the Hapsburgs. Moreover, though sorely stricken, Belgium still maintains her heroic fight with an army that has abated nothing of its martial spirit. And this Belgian resistance has made necessary the detention of at least two army corps that the German General Staff would have been glad to use in other directions. Over two months, therefore, from the commencement of hostilities, even the military situation, which the Germans expected and were expected to mold pretty much as they pleased, is anything but auspicious to German arms. Nothing can hide the fact that their initial enterprise, after coming within an ace of triumph, has completely miscarried and that they have suffered a severe strategical defeat.

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It is difficult to see how matters can improve for them as time goes on. Other nations, now neutral, may join in the war, but their accession will prove on the balance to be decidedly disadvantageous to the Teutonic Powers. But even if the struggle is restricted to the present combatants, the Germans in another six months will find themselves, even when they have called up their last reserves and drilled their last volunteers, outnumbered by at least two to one. In equipment and organization, apart from their commissariat arrangements, they are probably superior to any of the Allies; in the qualities of generalship and high command it is too early as yet to say that they have any advantage; in *morale* and determination the German nation is undoubtedly the equal of the Russians, the British, or the French, but the German troops in the field seem already to be showing signs of a weakening fiber; and their prodigious losses, especially in officers, and the consciousness that they are engaged in a losing fight against Time, are beginning—or so, at least, there seems reason to believe—to work with disheartening effect. In other and not less vital particulars the scales are heavily tipped against them. Germany's import and export trade has virtually ceased; her merchant marine has been swept off the seas; the British navy is exerting to the full all the economic and strategical advantages of the control of the seas; and whatever may have been the preparations made in advance for this struggle, they are almost bound, before another year is out, to crumble away beneath the converging pressure of industrial paralysis, dwindling food-supplies, and a growing burden of unemployment and distress. Compared, again, with her antagonists, compared especially with Great Britain, Germany's financial resources are shaky and slender; and if Mr. Lloyd George's prophecy that "the last few hundred millions will win this war" proves to be correct—and there is all history to back it—then there cannot be much doubt they will be found in the British and not the German purse. These are terrible handicaps; and though the Germans, especially when they are driven to fight on the defensive in their own land, will put up a long and desperate resistance that it will need every ounce of power that the Allies can command to break down, still the ultimate issue is beyond question.

It is not, therefore, premature to let one's mind play over

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the shape and circumstances of the new Europe that is to arise out of this prodigious upheaval. The old Europe is admittedly dead. After an uneasy life of little more than forty years it has passed in thunder and lightning to an irrevocable eclipse. A fresh framework will have to be constructed, and unless it, too, is to be torn to pieces a generation or so later, the architects will have to be animated by a very different spirit from that which has guided the diplomatic jerry-building of the past. We in Great Britain, happily, are quite clear as to that. We mean, if we can, to chain down Prussian militarism for ever, but not in order that the path may be smoothed for the coming of some other pistoling bully. We believe that from this war will arise an opportunity never vouchsafed to Europe before to sweep away all or nearly all the old, cumbersome, and embittering barriers that have kept the nations apart in wasting and venomous ill-will. We want a map of Europe that even for the defeated in the present war will leave no soreness behind; a settlement that for all peoples and races will be in the nature of a liberation; a readjustment that will have no ragged edges of dismembered and revengeful nationalities. Other wars have ended in terms of peace drawn up to suit the calculations of diplomatists, dynastic ambitions, and the petty plans of strategists. We intend that this war shall end in terms of peace drawn up to square with one principle —the principle of nationality—and to meet one supreme consideration, the needs and wishes and desires of the several peoples concerned. We were forced into the war to preserve Belgium from extinction. That object, therefore, will not only find expression and attainment in the ultimate settlement, but will furnish the keynote of British policy in safeguarding the future of all the other states, large as well as small. For the familiar type of peace treaty negotiated by an aloof and not infrequently a sinister diplomacy we shall aim at substituting a peace treaty that will vindicate and be welcomed by the democracies of Europe. The fatal and vitiating flaw in the old dispensation was that it dotted Europe with patches of unrest, fragments of people divided from their kinsmen and thrust into a hated and alien association, regions held and governed by one Power that racially and historically belonged to another Power. The dismemberment of nationalities was the root cause of the militarism that has produced the present war. Their

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restoration to unity will prove, we believe, the one sure road to a lasting peace.

Mr. Winston Churchill has summarized very clearly British hopes and intentions in this matter. "Let us be careful," he said, "not to make the same mistake or the same sort of mistake as Germany made when she had France prostrate at her feet in 1870. Let us, whatever we do, fight for and work toward great and sound principles for the European system. The first of those principles which we should keep before us is the principle of nationality—that is to say, not the conquest or subjugation of any great community, or of any strong race of men, but the setting free of those races which have been subjugated and conquered. And if doubt arises about disputed areas of country, we should try to settle their ultimate destination, in the reconstruction of Europe which must follow from this war, with a fair regard to the wishes and feelings of the people who live in them. That is the aim which, if it is achieved, will justify the exertions of the war, and will make some amend to the world for the loss and agony of suffering which it has wrought and entailed."

In somewhat similar terms Mr. Asquith, speaking at Dublin on September 25th, defined the end which Great Britain ought to keep in view. "Forty-four years ago," he said, "at the time of the war of 1870, Mr. Gladstone used these words. He said: 'The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics.' Nearly fifty years have passed. Little progress, it seems, has as yet been made toward that good and beneficent change, but it seems to be now at this moment as good a definition as we can have of our European policy—the idea of public right. What does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means, first and foremost, the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relations of states and of the future molding of the European world. It means, next, that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities, each with a corporate consciousness of its own. Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the Balkan States—they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their powerful neighbors, more powerful in strength

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and in wealth, to a place in the sun. And it means, finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership based on the recognition of equal right and established and enforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not, or will not, be realized either to-day or to-morrow. If and when this war is decided in favor of the Allies, it will at once come within the range and before long within the grasp of European statesmanship."

With these fixed points to go by—the principle of nationality tempered in disputed cases by the principle of local option—it is possible to project the general outline of the new Europe. In doing so one has, of course, to make certain assumptions over and beyond the grand assumption that Germany will be beaten. One has, for instance, to take it for granted that Russia and France will fall in with the British view of the form reconstruction should take. The three Powers, it will be remembered, engaged on September 5th not to conclude peace separately and not to demand any terms of peace without previous agreement; and to this undertaking both Japan and Servia have since subscribed. That does not, however, necessarily imply that unanimity among them as to the guiding principles or the main provisions of a settlement will be easily reached. But I think there is good ground for feeling sanguine that no serious differences will arise, and that on practically all points the British view will prevail. If I may content myself with that bald assertion without stopping to give the many sound reasons that might be urged to justify it, it is obvious that the first care of the Allied negotiators must be to provide the amplest possible reparation for Belgium. To that the whole power and credit of the British Empire and the passionate determination of its people stand gladly and admiringly pledged. If you were to ask an average Englishman to-day what it is that Great Britain may hope to reap from the war, he will answer either, "Nothing," or, "I really don't know." Then it will occur to him that perhaps Heligoland or some of the German possessions in Africa and the Pacific may be desirable additions to the Empire. But it will be clear to you that he has not pon-

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dered the question and is not greatly interested in it. Mention the claim of Belgium, however, and you will find him hotly insistent that it is a British duty to see that Germany discharges it to the hilt. For herself Great Britain is not likely to demand very much, and certainly nothing in Europe or in European waters, unless it be the retrocession of Heligoland. In the main, she will be satisfied if the menace of Prussian militarism is effectually removed. But for Belgium she will certainly demand large and tangible reparation for the violence and treachery that the country has suffered at the hands of the enemy. It will be presumably both financial and territorial. A swinging indemnity and the annexation of the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, which signally failed to defend its own neutrality, are the very least that Belgium could be offered as compensation for the injuries she has received.

It is inconceivable that there should be any difference of opinion whatever either among the Allies or among neutral nations as to the justice of forcing Germany to make whatever amends are possible for the base brutality of her treatment of Belgium. One may take it equally for granted that the outside world will likewise unanimously approve the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France. A more difficult question, however, is suggested by Schleswig-Holstein, the province wrenched from the Danes in the war of 1864, and still predominantly Danish and anti-Prussian in sentiment. A strict application of the principle of nationality would require its retrocession to Denmark in spite of the fact that throughout the present war the Danes have remained neutral. But the problem is complicated by the building of the Kiel Canal within the Schleswig-Holstein area. There will undoubtedly be a desire in many quarters that the terms of peace should include the internationalization of the great waterway connecting the North Sea and the Baltic. The canal, it is possible, may become the boundary line between Denmark and Germany and be placed by the Allied Powers under Danish administration for the commercial use of all nations. That is, at any rate, a suggestion which is pretty sure to come up for discussion, though one cannot as yet say that opinion has hardened upon its merits or otherwise. If Denmark and Belgium and France, however, each receive a portion of what is now German territory, it is tolerably safe to assume that Holland, following

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the example of Rumania after the Balkan War, will put in a claim for "compensation." The position of Holland throughout the war has been an excessively trying one. For reasons which amply satisfied the prudential character of the Dutch, the Government at The Hague decided to preserve a strict neutrality while its independence, and indeed its very existence as a free and self-governing state, were being fought out on the plains of Belgium and amid the vineyards of France. Nobody, least of all in Great Britain, has made any complaint of the Dutch attitude; it has been perfectly intelligible and eminently cautious; but no one, so far as I can observe, is at all inclined to regard it as meriting any special recognition and reward at the hands of the Allies. The Dutch have no particular cause of complaint, historical or otherwise, against Germany; and any claim of theirs to German territory as compensation for their indirect sufferings during the war would meet, one imagines, with a remarkably cool reception in the Allies' camp. Certainly the hope entertained by Great Britain is that Germany, while rendered impotent for harm, will not feel humiliated by the terms imposed upon her; and no proposal of a purely predatory nature is likely to meet with British support.

If now we turn to the east of Europe it is to be confronted with one dominant fact—the collapse, to all appearances the irremediable collapse, of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In the August number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW I gave some reasons for thinking that the Dual Monarchy was never likely to fall to pieces through the violence of its centrifugal elements, and that its dissolution, if it were ever to be dissolved, would be brought about by external pressure and not by an internal explosion. But I had no idea, when I wrote, that the external pressure would so soon be brought to bear upon its trembling fabric. Beyond question we are witnessing the death-throes of the realm of the Hapsburgs. Humanly speaking, there is no possibility that it can survive the appalling catastrophes that its own military inefficiency, its insoluble racial distractions which have always made it rather a Government than a nation, and the vigor of its Slav enemies have brought upon it. The "ramshackle Empire," as Mr. Lloyd George called it the other day, has reached its last days. The event which Europe for half a century has dreaded as a cause of war

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has now come about as the result of war. And in Great Britain, at any rate, much as we like the Austrians as individuals and as a people, there are few lamentations over the imminent blotting out of a Power that for centuries was the strongest in Europe. On the contrary, the impression deepens that it is better for the peace of southeastern Europe that Austria-Hungary should go and that its territories should be divided among the nationalities that have the best right to them.

The partition of the Dual Monarchy, in any case probably an unescapable consequence of the war, was converted into a virtual certainty by the decree, issued in the name of the Czar and promising the recreation of the Kingdom of Poland. That promise, I venture to predict, will be redeemed in full; and its redemption means the amalgamation of the Polish provinces of Austria, Germany, and Russia under the scepter of the Czar. Apart from that it is conceivable that Russia may make no further territorial demands on Germany either for herself or for any of the Slav peoples. The rest of Austria-Hungary up to a certain extent follows what might almost be called natural lines of division. The Rumanians will gravitate toward Rumania; Bosnia, Croatia, Slavonia, Herzegovina, and other predominantly Slav districts of southern Hungary will form themselves into one or two Slav kingdoms buttressed on Servia and Montenegro; while Italy will take in the Trentino and Trieste and possibly Pola and Fiume. The great increase in the Servian power and dominions that will thus ensue will, it is hoped, make it easy for the statesmen of Belgrade to hand back to Bulgaria some of the Macedonian districts, in which Bulgars outnumber the other races, that were torn from her after the war between the Balkan Allies. The problem of Albania will probably prove as baffling as it is now. It will certainly do so if Italy asserts her claim to control the destinies of that distracted province. But if Italy can be induced to regard herself as sufficiently compensated by her accession to the Italian-speaking districts of Austria-Hungary and to the ports of Pola, Fiume, and Trieste, and will relinquish interests in Albania that must automatically lose much of their importance with the extinction of Austria-Hungary, then the Albanian question is not insoluble along the lines of Swiss federalism. These speculations, of course, depend to some extent on what

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part, if any, Turkey decides to play in the war. Her intervention in behalf of the Teutonic Powers, by completing the ruin of her European empire and adding thereto the loss of her Asiatic dominions, would raise the complex and pregnant issue of Constantinople—an issue, I may add, that nobody wishes to face until he is absolutely compelled to.

Even after the Dual Monarchy had thus been carved and handed round there would remain two peoples still undisposed of—the Magyars of Hungary and the German-speaking Austrians. The former, a virile, fascinating people, with a thousand years of self-contained history behind them, might well be invited to form a homogeneous state of their own. The Germans, on the other hand, would be urged to throw in their lot with their kinsmen of the German Empire. In that way, it will at once be seen, Germany, though beaten, would emerge from the conflict with more subjects and larger territories than she possesses to-day, and one of the dreams of Pan-Germanism would be realized when all who speak the German tongue in Europe would be gathered under a single head. A certain hesitation on the part of the Germans to admit some ten million Catholics to the Empire, a certain reluctance on the part of the easy-going Austrians to live in permanently close quarters with the Prussians, would naturally fail to operate against the ideal of a comprehensive German union. The Allies, I imagine, will be found quite prepared to carry their doctrines of nationality and local consent so far as to leave Germany in a position as good as her most ardent patriots have ever prophesied for her. In Great Britain, at any rate, there is no enmity, and no desire whatever to act harshly, toward the German people. We have even persuaded ourselves that in this struggle we are freeing Germany as much as Europe; and the terms of peace that Great Britain will put forward and support will be framed with the twofold object of preventing the resurrection of Prussian militarism, and of creating the conditions most favorable to the commercial and literary and artistic genius of the German people, to German culture, and to the sober pride and tranquillity of an Empire that will be deprived of its last excuse for either seeking or desiring revenge.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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WAR

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
Professor of English Literature at Yale

From the standpoint of Christianity, there is no such thing as a foreign war. Every war is a civil war. If the phrase "brotherhood of man" is anything except cant, it means that nearly all Europe is now engaged in wholesale fratricide.

When a nation declares war on another nation, it simply passes a law making legal, and thereby encouraging, murder, robbery, and arson; with the unavoidable and clearly foreseen accompanying crimes of rape and torture.

It is absurd to deny that there have been cruel outrages in Belgium and France; just as absurd as it would be to suppose that there will be no outrages in Germany if the allied forces occupy that country. It is equally absurd to express surprise or horror at these events. They are a necessary part of the horror of war, and invariably follow it. War means murder and destruction on the largest possible scale. There is nothing beautiful about it; nothing fine; nothing admirable; nothing noble. Why lift up the hands in amazed protest when bombs are dropped on cities and women slaughtered by soldiers? These things are a natural part of war. Is there any torture for a woman worse than the murder of her son? If both parties in this conflict rejoice when they murder a particularly large number of young men, why should any one be astonished or grieved at the murder of old men, children, or women? War means that so-called civilized nations have relapsed into barbarism, and that formerly rational and peaceful citizens have become frenzied demons. Does any one suppose, when a million armed men bent on murder and destruction occupy a country they are endeavoring to destroy, that courtesy, gentleness, consideration, are the words to

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describe their conduct? War is now what it always has been, not a courteous joint debate, but hell on earth.

Nor should any one be surprised that all modern methods of slaughter should be employed in this war. Just as in ancient times scythe-bearing chariots and elephants were used, just as each nation in war took advantage of every possible method to inflict suffering and death on the antagonist, so it is natural and proper that this war should develop not only on land, but in the air and in the waters under the earth. Aerial bombs and floating mines should excite no protest whatever. War is in itself wholly bad, and it is impossible to draw nice distinctions; when a nation is bent on murder, you cannot expect it to remember the rules that govern polite society.

In times of war those in the ranks become devils and those who stay at home lose their reason. If it were not for the unspeakable horror of war, its main feature would be its colossal absurdity. We, in neutral America, will never know for certain what nation is to blame for this war; because the so-called intelligent persons in each nation, whose word would have weight in other matters, are absolutely firm, not only in their hope that their particular country will win, but in their faith that their particular country is on the side of God, Truth, Honor, Civilization, World-Idealism. This is a proof that in times of war men are not guided by their reasoning faculties at all, but are simply blinded by passion.

If this were a war between the English people and the German Kaiser, then we might arrive at some clear conclusion. But the good and intelligent English people are not one whit more convinced that England is right than the good and intelligent German people are convinced that Germany is right. The same fact is absolutely true of Russia and of France. A number of English writers—men and women whose names command high respect—have signed a statement that England is right and pure, Germany wicked and wrong; but the difficulty is that the German writers believe just the opposite. Romain Rolland, the distinguished French novelist, appealed to Gerhart Hauptmann, the distinguished German dramatist, to protest to the German Government against the " atrocities " in Belgium; but Herr Hauptmann is apparently just as firm in his faith that the Germans can do no wrong as M. Rolland is in his attacks

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upon them. M. Maeterlinck, a kindly, intelligent, philosophical Belgian, wants the whole German nation smashed: he thinks they are a generation of vipers, with no place in modern civilization. Perhaps the most striking evidence of the incapacity to think clearly and dispassionately, or to use reason at all, is seen in the case of the distinguished Russian writer Andreev. No man, not even Zola, has written against the horror of war more eloquently than Andreev. His novel, *The Red Laugh,* should be studied by every one who thinks there is anything fine in warfare. Yet now we find this apostle of peace saying, "Though I am opposed to war on principle and regard bloodshed with horror, I welcome war with Germany as necessary. This is a war for the soul, for spiritual liberty." And that is exactly what the Germans think, from the most enlightened university professors down to the most ignorant peasants.

Henri Lavedan in France and John Galsworthy in England have simultaneously published their "creeds"; and it is interesting to observe that it took nothing less than a war to get a creed out of the astute English spectator and analyzer of life, who has always disliked partisanship. Both these creeds are lofty and noble in language; in sentiment honest and sincere. But Germans of equal intelligence and sincerity believe precisely the opposite.

That is one reason why war is useless. It never settles the rights and wrongs of any conflict of opinion. It never brings us any nearer to the truth. It simply settles by brute force (and at a waste of life and property that cannot even be estimated, for its results are felt for many generations) which party in the conflict is the stronger. Men's opinions in the fight are determined not by reason, but by the mere accident of birth; just as in the American war of 1861–65, those who happened to be born in the South had clear convictions that the South was right; those born in the North were equally clear in the contrary conviction. So they murdered each other.

In a recent number of the London *Athenæum,* in a column of book advertisements, there is an unintentional but grim humor in the order—*The Russo-Japanese War, The Invasion of France, The Franco-German War, Text-Book of Insanity.*

It is a curious result of this war that many persons are wondering whether or not Christianity is a failure. With-

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out stopping to inquire how a remedy can be a failure when it is not given a trial, it looks to me as if everything was a failure except Christianity; and that it might be a good idea in the future for America to try Christianity and see how it works. Diplomacy has totally failed; one of the chief purposes of diplomacy is to avert disaster, to ward off bloodshed, and we are witnessing the worst war in history. Socialism is a total, ignominious, laughable failure; before the war the Socialists in Europe, knowing well that if they all united, regardless of boundary lines, they might put a stop to war, told the world what great things they would do for the cause of peace; how they, at any rate, would not be deceived by any false sentiment about a country's flag. But at the first outbreak of the war the Socialists in each country flew eagerly to arms. Science and learning are failures, for all the efforts of lonely men in laboratories to preserve human life and to save the body from suffering are negated in a day. Learning is a failure because it did not prevent the tide of barbarism from controlling Europe; and during the war there is not even the pretense of going on with it. Armaments which have stolen the money that might have been used to elevate and improve mankind are a colossal failure, as we who believe in peace have always known. We were never deceived by the legend that the surest way to prepare for peace was to get ready for war; it was certain that sooner or later those who had the guns would use them. It is to be hoped that their scientific curiosity on the question of efficiency is already satisfied.

Each government has successfully persuaded its people that they are fighting in a holy cause. Germany insists on the danger of Pan-Slavism; but if this is the real danger, why do the Germans hate the English so much more intensely than the Slavs? England tells its people that they went to war to preserve the neutrality of Belgium; but does any one believe that if Germany had taken another route to France England would have remained neutral? It was a fortunate thing for England that Germany did break her word to Belgium; for the English people have what is called a non-conformist conscience, and some would surely have spoken out if the only cause of the war had been England's self-interest. France insists it is fighting in the name of civilization; but if France had not lost Alsace and Lorraine would she be fighting Germany now? No, this war

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means that each nation would rather fight than suffer a material loss. Patriotism is easily aroused, but no passion of patriotism ought to deceive those whose citizenship is in heaven, who have enrolled themselves in the service of the Kingdom of God. War is absolutely incompatible with such service and such citizenship.

When a country is once at war the government informs its people that, no matter what their individual convictions may be, they must all support the war. Or, as one statesman has expressed it, "It is no time to consider rights and wrongs when the house is on fire." But when a man's house is on fire he does not run off to find and punish the man who set it on fire. He tries to put the fire out. Thus the best news that can come to America is not that the Allies or the Germans have been victorious; the best news will be the news that the conflagration is over, that peace is at hand. Benjamin Franklin, who was far more advanced in civilization than the vast majority of people who are living to-day, said: "All wars are follies. There never was a good war."

Even now some Americans are insisting that we go in for increased armaments and a great navy; that we should take money needed for education and internal improvements and spend it on fighting-machines. Would it not be well to give Christianity a trial? The religion of Christ is as reasonable as it is noble. It is the only method of settling quarrels that combines absolute good sense with pure ethics. In time of war, for the purpose of inflicting death, mutilation, and destruction on those whom we call our brothers, every one is called upon to make heroic sacrifices. Would it not be fine in the future if the United States of America should make some actual sacrifices to prevent war? Would it not be splendid if we actually sustained insults and material damage from some other country and did not fight? A faith is no good unless one is willing to suffer for it. Peace will never come to this uncivilized planet until some nation shows, not by its professions, but by its behavior, that it believes in peace. Some nation will have to suffer in the cause of peace as so many nations have suffered in the evil cause of war. Will it not be fine if that nation should turn out to be our own?

William Lyon Phelps.

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WHY THE BRITISH EMPIRE IS AT WAR

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

THE title of this article covers a fact which is of considerable importance. The three partners in the Triple Entente who are opposing Germany and Austria-Hungary are generally spoken of as Russia, France, and England, but it is not England, nor "Britain," but the British Empire, with which the German hosts have to reckon, and that means that we can count on the manhood and the resources not of one nation, but of five. In the well-known book of General Bernhardi, *Germany and the Next War,* the apostle of the mailed fist, writing in 1911, says:

> The British Empire is divided from the military point of view into two divisions: into the United Kingdom itself, with the Colonies governed by the English Cabinet, and the self-governing Colonies. These latter . . . can be completely ignored so far as concerns any European theater of war.

That this is only one of many miscalculations made in Germany in the last ten years must already be apparent even to the casual observer of recent events. Before this article is printed troops from overseas—from Australia, New Zealand, and Canada—will be fighting side by side with the British army in the ranks of the Allies, and, since an army fights on its stomach, we must also reckon among the advantages of our scattered Empire those reservoirs of food and those markets for trade which, under the protection of our Fleet, are now placed unreservedly at our disposal in a manner which obviates for Great Britain the greater part of the material sufferings inflicted by the near proximity of war on more self-contained countries. We are fighting the greatest fight, probably, of our existence with a minimum of hardship and even inconvenience to our civilian population.

Was Great Britain responsible for the war? One of the

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best answers to this is found in the reiterated statement throughout the diplomatic correspondence relating to the war, that, in the opinion of Germany, Great Britain was sure to be neutral. The Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs on July 25th told our Ambassador at St. Petersburg that "Germany was convinced she could rely on (British) neutrality," and in the conversations at Berlin, Vienna, Paris, the Russian capital, and London, the British representatives steadfastly refused to accede to the requests of their French and Russian colleagues to throw the weight of Britain into the scale. On July 29th the German Chancellor offered, as the price of British neutrality, to "respect the territorial integrity of France," but not, as he subsequently admitted, of her colonies. Could such a proposal, justly characterized by Mr. Asquith as "infamous," have been made to a Power which was known to be working for war? On August 4th, when the final rupture was inevitable, the British Ambassador had an interview with Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. In this historic interview the Chancellor, immensely excited and "overcome by the news of our action," was astounded that Great Britain should go to war for "a scrap of paper," "just a word—'neutrality'—a word which in war-time had been so often disregarded." At this date the invasion of Belgium was an accomplished fact, and Sir Edward Grey had already (on July 31st and August 1st) warned the German Government that public opinion in Great Britain would not tolerate the violation of Belgian neutrality. It appears, therefore, that Germany regarded the warning conveyed as "bluff," and was exceedingly surprised to find that we should fight either to uphold our treaty obligations or for any other reason. What evidence is there in all this of bellicose intentions on our part? On the contrary, Germany obviously made her gambler's throw in supreme confidence that, at the moment chosen, we were unable, owing to domestic dissensions, to take an adequate part in any European conflict. The extremity of Britain was Germany's opportunity. Her grounds for this belief were more reasonable than now seems possible. The Home Rule question had brought us to the verge of civil war, and the agents of the German Government may very well have misunderstood the nature of our people. The German Empire is made up of states whose inhabitants, while subscribing heartily to the ideal of German unity, have no true German national feel-

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ing. They are Prussians, Bavarians, or Saxons first, and their union into a German Empire is too recent to permit of any strong national feeling—a fact which goes far to explain the easy assimilation of Germans in foreign countries. It might well appear to Germans that the cleavage between Irish and English, even between north and south Ireland, is deeper and wider than any political tie can bridge, but as a matter of fact the United Kingdom, nay, more, the British Empire, is bound together by a strong sense of nationality—not only racial affinity, but common tradition and devotion to the little islands that bred our stock. We had fought and bled side by side on many a battlefield before the German Empire was welded together in the campaign of 1870. At the first sign of a foreign danger domestic differences were forgotten and only our common heritage was remembered. The miscalculations of German agents were, therefore, not unnatural, and they were certainly encouraged by the ill-judged attitude of a portion of our press.[1]

Ever since the Boer War, when the Kaiser did his best to form a European coalition against Britain (and bitterly reproached his own people for not having provided a navy to take advantage of the situation) there have been two parties in Great Britain holding divergent views as to our relations with Germany. On the one hand there were those who insisted that friendly relations with that country could only be secured if we also took care to maintain our naval superiority unquestioned and to provide adequately for land defense, and on the other there were those who, even when they did not advocate complete disarmament on our part, were convinced that friendly relations could be maintained by the exchange of visits, courtesies, and a general policy of confidence and admiration. Naturally, among the latter were found numbers of sincere idealists to whom Germany was still the land of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Kant, Wagner, and Schubert—poets, philosophers, and musicians—and who had never realized the growth of Teutonism, whose apostles are Treitschke, Bernhardi, Von Tirpitz, and the Emperor William. The Socialists of Great Britain, the Humanists, the Great Illusionists, and all the faddists

[1] German writers have, of course, pointed out that Great Britain's naval expansion was a "threat" to Germany. Into this controversy it is unnecessary to enter here. The point is that in July, 1914, the British Government had no desire for war and took no steps toward it until forced to take the defensive.

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who pin their faith to the brotherhood of man—all these preached, in season and out of season, the doctrine that war between Great Britain and Germany was "unthinkable."

In this connection it is necessary to note, what has long been common knowledge in the journalistic world in England, but was officially unveiled in a despatch from the British Embassy at Berlin in February last (made public only recently), that the efforts of Germany to secure a "good press" in foreign countries did not stop short of the methods of Bismarck. It was his creature, "little Busch," who inaugurated what was known as the "reptile press," fed from official sources and bound to them by ties too strong to be broken. The preparation of "news" by the Foreign Office and its dissemination by the semi-official "Wolff Bureau" is a recognized feature of German life, but the indiscretions of one of the journals revealed another institution, heavily subsidized by Government, which under the guise of "trade development" has spread German journalistic agents of the Government all over the world, aims at controlling the advertising in foreign journals, and is thus in a position to secure that German views and "news" shall be presented in a favorable light. Its attempts to "square" certain international news agencies fortunately failed. These were pre-war arrangements. Readers of this REVIEW will be aware of more recent efforts, but the insidious nature of this propaganda has concealed it from view in many an unsuspected quarter. Since the outbreak of war a singular instance has been revealed. The London *Times* received a communication, purporting to be a letter from a very eminent person, deprecating certain views regarding the Kaiser, and urging that his deep religious convictions made him essentially opposed to war, which was, in fact, being forced on him by Russia. This communication was not printed in the *Times,* but on the evening that it might have been in type a telegram, obviously intended for the London representative of the "Wolff Bureau," was accidentally delivered to the *Times.* It said: "*Times* is publishing to-morrow ——'s statement on the situation. Please telegraph it word for word. [Signed] Wolff Bureau, Berlin."

Finally, in a very different camp, there were to be found a number of men, many of them public characters of distinction, who laid it down as axiomatic that Great Britain could

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never be called on to send a military force to the Continent, and therefore that a small, highly trained army, for despatch to distant parts of the Empire, was all-sufficient for our needs, though they good-naturedly acquiesced in the formation of a citizen force (to be trained *after the outbreak of war*) for purposes of home defense. The only comment necessary on these views is found in the fact that already seventy battalions of our citizen army have volunteered for foreign service, and will be sent to the front as soon as they are fit. They would be sent now if they were ready. Meanwhile our gallant little force of 150,000 must hold the fort as best it can, and has already borne a full share of the fighting in France.

With so many elements in public opinion openly hostile to any aggressive attitude on the part of Great Britain, with such obvious unpreparedness for a land campaign, and with a Government which dared not commit itself to any definite line of policy until public opinion had been openly roused over the question of Belgian neutrality, it is not possible for any unbiased observer to make out a case for a British "attack" on Germany.

The responsibility of Russia is now loudly proclaimed by Germany. The question of the exact date of mobilization is obscure. The term means different measures in different countries and, moreover, the length of time taken to effect complete mobilization differs so greatly that it is impossible to decide at what stage mobilization ceases to be a precautionary measure and becomes aggressive. It is an accepted fact, however, that Germany could mobilize in much less time than France, and nearly twice as quickly as Russia. This was the situation when Austria, the ally of Germany, declared war on Servia.

The sovereignty of Servia is as important to Russia as the independence of Belgium is to France or ourselves. It is no mere sentiment of Slav unity or desire to protect a small kindred nation which dictated Russia's policy, though the cause of Servia was popular in Russia on those sentimental grounds. Servia, as the vassal state of the Germanic Powers, would give them a predominant position in the Balkans. Servia won back her independence as a nation by a heroic struggle, and she has never ceased to cast longing eyes at the provinces still peopled with her own race which formed part of her ancient kingdom. She has intrigued

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with her lost tribes, as have Rumania and Bulgaria outside the Austrian dominions, Croatia, Poland, and Bohemia within them. Secret societies, intrigues, and the cultivation of forbidden nationalism are the breath of life to all Slav peoples—essentially dreamers and democrats. Austria and Hungary have each their batch of oppressed nationalities to cope with, and a singularly complete and ubiquitous secret police system keeps an eye on their doings. A few years ago a trial, in which thirty or forty well-known citizens of Croatia were accused of treason, proved that certain documents on which the charge rested had been fabricated in the Austrian Consulate at Belgrade. One needs to remember the Friedjung trial before passing judgment on Servia! She is accused by Austria of fomenting disturbances which threatened the integrity of the Austrian dominions, but it is inconceivable that Germany would have plunged herself and Europe into war over such a charge as this, much less over the specific question of the murder of the Archduke.

On the latter question some plain speaking is necessary. The Archduke was pro-Slav, his wife was a Czech. He was known to be at variance with the strong pro-German and military element in Vienna, and the aged Emperor's grasp of affairs has long been slackening. Those who, like the writer, have been in Serajevo and know the efficiency of the Austrian police, find it almost impossible to credit that the murder, which was the result of a second attempt, could have taken place but for deliberate negligence on the part of the Austrian authorities to take the usual precautions. With the removal of the Archduke the moderating influence which had made itself felt in the last Balkan war was gone. Vienna was entirely ruled by the bellicose element which takes the word from Berlin. Little pretense was made in Vienna of regretting the Archduke's death, still less that of his morganatic wife, whose position was resented by those born in the purple. Can it be conceived that righteous indignation for the murder was the moving force in this great European tragedy? No, it is obvious that the aim was so to weaken Servia as to render her the vassal of Austria and through Austria of Germany. The coveted route to Salonica and the East runs through Servia, and the British Ambassador at Rome telegraphed reliable information that Germany was preparing to seize the Salonica railway. The Austrian Am-

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bassador to Constantinople let the cat out of the bag in a conversation which the British Resident reported to Sir Edward Grey. He spoke of the "deplorable condition of Salonica under Greek administration, and of the assistance on which the Austrian army could count from the Mussulman population." Obviously, as the Resident remarked, Austria's designs extended considerably beyond a mere "punitive expedition into Servia."

Besides these ambitions there was, for Germany as for Austria, the disturbing racial question. Prussia cannot tolerate, as Austria has done hitherto, the growth of Slav national feeling, yet her eastern provinces, almost to the gates of Berlin, are the ancient home of the Slavs, and there are colonies of these prolific people in Westphalia and elsewhere. The crushing of Slav national feeling has been vigorously attempted, but with little avail.[1] After a long night of oppression these gifted and tenacious people have seen, in every part of Central Europe, a revival of their language, music, art, and historic traditions. In temperament and ideals they are antipathetic to the Prussians who rule Germany, and Bernhardi has laid it down that the first step in the spread of Teutonism must be the crushing of the Slavs in Germany.

Russia could not be expected to acquiesce in the Teutonizing of the Balkans or in an All-German route toward Constantinople. She made no objection to the humiliation of Servia, as a warning not to intrigue, but she was bound to secure the national independence of that country. Since her action in mobilizing was only begun after Austria declared war on Servia, and since Austria could at any moment have been restrained by the moderating word which Germany over and over again refused to speak,[2] it seems difficult to fasten the responsibility on Russia. It is beyond question that as late as July 29th, on the urgent representation of the German Ambassador, M. Sazonoff (the Russian Minister) made a definite offer in writing that Russia would stop all military preparations if Austria would "eliminate from her ultimatum (to Servia) points which violate the principle of sovereignty of Servia (White Paper No. 97).

[1] "The Achilles Heel of Germany." NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, June, 1909, by A. R. Colquhoun.

[2] White Paper Nos. 43, 46, 57, 68, 80, 90. On July 31st, when it was obviously too late, the German Chancellor made great professions of his desire to "press the button" in Vienna.

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There is one point which history will, perhaps, be able to clear up. Was Germany in any sense responsible for the terms of Austria's ultimatum to Servia—that ultimatum which the German Chancellor, on July 25th, declared to "leave something to be desired" as a diplomatic document and which he admitted contained things which "Servia could not swallow" (*Ibid.* No. 18)? As to Germany's foreknowledge of this ultimatum we have no direct evidence, but Sir Maurice de Bunsen, British Ambassador in Vienna, believes, on private information, that the German Ambassador in Vienna, who is notoriously anti-Slav, knew the text of the note and telegraphed it to the German Emperor (*Ibid.* No. 95). In any case he (the German Ambassador) told Sir M. de Bunsen that he indorsed "every line of it." On July 27th the *Westminster Gazette,* a leading Liberal paper which has been distinguished by special communications from the German Chancellor, and cannot for a moment be suspected of Teutophobia, wrote that "In all the circumstances it is difficult to believe that the German Government was not completely aware of the terms of the Austrian note, and that the time and the method were not concerted between the two Powers."

The crux of this question of responsibility lies in the selection of a particular moment for springing the mine out of which conflagration was bound to come. Was the moment favorable to Great Britain? That question has been dealt with. To Russia? In three years' time Russia would have completed a reorganization of her army which would have enabled her to mobilize at a line much nearer to the German frontier. She was engaged in a bitter industrial dispute, and she was on the eve of negotiating a big loan. The moment was obviously not chosen by Russia. As for France, we have indubitable proof of her desire to preserve peace. She had just convicted herself of grave errors in army administration. Her northern coasts were undefended, and Great Britain gave her no pledge. French troops were kept well within ten miles of the frontier, and not until German forces had crossed did she take the offensive. From the fact that she was unable to advance to the rescue of Liège it is obvious that France did not begin her mobilization early enough to threaten Germany before that country could defend herself, and had not the Belgians made such a heroic

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stand France would have been taken at a disadvantage. Both she, Britain, and Russia consented to any form of mediation or conference or consultation whereby the catastrophe might have been averted. Finally, the President was actually absent from France at the time of the crisis, and was traveling home during the four most critical days of the negotiations.

It is needless to go on piling up evidence of the fact that the moment was chosen by Germany because she thought her two continental rivals were less favorably placed than might again be the case, and because she was firmly convinced that Britain could not afford to fight, and that a continental war, if she entered into it, would cost that country the allegiance of her overseas dominions, and particularly of Canada. "English Imperialism," said Bernhardi, "has failed to link the vast Empire together either for purposes of commerce or defense."[1] And he went on to add that the Dominions would only support Great Britain in a cause which appealed to them. It was part of German strategy to make the Servian incident the nominal *casus belli,* and to concentrate attention in Great Britain on Russia. Would Britain support Russia—autocratic Russia—and would she fight over Austria's squabble with Servia? The herring across the trail was more nearly successful than one cares to remember.

It is not necessary to recall verbatim speeches which have since been recanted, but, in the many debates which have taken place over the obligations of the British Dominions beyond the seas for the defense of the Empire, there has always been one school which inclined to the view that "entanglements in European politics," though they might drag Great Britain into war, would not necessarily involve the overseas Dominions. It is one of the vital problems before the British Empire that she cannot expect the whole-hearted co-operation of the Dominions in military and naval defense without giving them a share in the direction of the foreign policy on which military and naval operations turn. The mere payment of contributions in money, even if it satisfied the national aspirations of the Dominions, would not meet the case. We need man-power as well, and responsible gov-

[1] "The experience of all time shows that colonial empires are more fragile and less enduring than continental ones. We consider a great war with England in the twentieth century quite inevitable."—EISENHART, *Germany in the Twentieth Century.*

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ernments must have a voice in the disposition of their own forces. Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa have adopted military training for the manhood of their country, in different forms, and the two former are also embarking on naval programmes of their own. These measures do not render them independent of the protection of the British navy, but at this crisis they enable South Africa, for instance, to undertake its own land defense, while Australasia has annexed a German Colony in Samoa, besides despatching forces to supplement those of Great Britain. Gifts in kind of meat, butter, fruit, and other Australasian products are also on their way.

It must be said, moreover, that the Pacific Dominions have never quibbled about the position of any naval forces they might raise in a war undertaken by Great Britain. They have always asserted that such forces should automatically pass under the control of the British Admiralty in time of war. They have fully realized that if Britain is at war every corner of the Empire is at war. Canada, with a larger and more mixed population, was the region in which doubts were expressed, and where the theory was ventilated that it might be possible to remain within the Empire without joining in every dispute in which Britain might be involved. This is mentioned here chiefly to point a contrast. In Great Britain many Radical journals continued to criticize the Government's action in declaring war even for several days after the violation of Belgian neutrality. But in Canada there was no holding back, and there has been little attempt (if any) to criticize, though it must have been difficult for many Canadians to understand the why and wherefore of the war. The response from Canada has been magnificent. She sends us gifts of flour, cheese, fruit, coal, money, and, above all, men. She will send as many of these as Lord Kitchener wants.

There is one item of news from Canada which must have a paragraph—a grateful paragraph—to itself. It is reported that 60,000 citizens of the United States resident in Canada applied to join the Canadian volunteers. Their offer, for obvious reasons, cannot be accepted, but in Toronto alone they have subscribed £40,000 for families of Canadians serving in war. In England American residents are foremost in Red Cross and other work, and Anglo-Americans are forming a corps of their own.

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Another German miscalculation: India, it was expected, would be in flames at the first sign of trouble for Great Britain. India has flamed—but with an ardent desire to fight by our side. Her seasoned troops are now landed on the Continent, and with their arrival vanished the German hope of stirring up Mohammedan discontent through Turkey.

And now what are we fighting for? We have been forced to fight primarily to defend the neutrality of Belgium—a neutrality guaranteed by international treaty. This is no quixotism on our part. The neutrality of Belgium is essential to her independence, and her independence of German control is a vital matter for us. At the same time it has for long been evident that the position of Holland and Belgium, at the mouth of the Rhine, and occupying the coast line opposite England, constituted a permanent barrier to German expansion as a great naval and mercantile power. The violation of Belgian neutrality has long been openly part—an essential part—of that advance on France which was to begin Germany's next war. Treitschke and Bernhardi have preached to the present generation of Teutonized Germans the doctrine that only by blood and iron can the German Empire come to its own.

The oft-repeated assertion that there are no international boundaries in the world of thought is directly contradicted by Bernhardi. "The dominion of German thought," he said, "can only be extended under the *ægis* of political power," and the first step must be to crush out the Slavs, who, even in the heart of Germany, continue to increase and to retain their national ideals. The fight between Teuton and Slav has always been, on the part of the latter, a struggle for liberty of thought and action, for the Slav is a practical and not merely a theoretic democrat. How far the rulers of Russia have in the past departed from Slav traditions is only too well known, but there is more true democratic feeling in Russia to-day than in Prussia, where the military caste reigns supreme and rides roughshod over all else.

The second step is for Germany to "consolidate our position in Europe," and then the time will be ripe to seek for colonies. But first "France must be so completely crushed that she can never more cross our path." After this colonies —preferably in parts suited for white occupation—must be

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acquired, as the result of a war in Europe.[1] That these colonies can be acquired without injury to England no German has ever pretended. On August 27th the Cologne *Gazette* said:

> It is the essence of the English power-idea, that it cannot bear a strong Continent, and above all one standing under a unified leadership. *For then her colonies would be torn from her.* . . . Our people, who have respect for our French opponent . . . are filled with fury against England, who could have prevented this terrible world war, but out of *the very pettiest jealousy* did not do so.

Professor Hans Delbrück, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of January, 1900, wrote:

> As England is not expected to give way peaceably, and as her great naval power cannot be overwhelmed by a single State, the best remedy would be an alliance against her of all her rivals together, especially of Russia, France, and Germany. The diplomacy of King Edward VII. destroyed this little scheme, but Germany was no less bent on war.

Treitschke (in his *Politik* I., p. 76) says:

> God will see to it that war always recurs as a drastic medicine for the human race.

Bernhardi says:

> War is a moral obligation, and, as such, an indispensable factor in civilization. . . . The efforts toward the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral. . . . We Germans have a far greater and more urgent duty toward civilization than the Great Asiatic Power. We, like the Japanese, can only fulfil it by the sword.

Those who have watched the growth of a new Germany, inspired by these Prussian militarist ideals, have frequently been told that they do not represent the real Germany. It is difficult to form an accurate idea of a "real Germany" in which so many divergent streams are blended. The truth seems to be that, despite all the enlightenment and liberality of thought which characterized the old Germany, her present generation has taken on very easily the imprint of Prussia. Industry and mechanical efficiency are the hall mark of German work, but those who believe that a liberal atmosphere, freedom of thought and action, and a love of abstract truth are the real signs of civilization will not see in the Prussian sausage-machine any real evidence of human advancement.

The sausage-machine has produced a wonderful army,

[1] Bernhardi. *Germany and the Next War.* Ch. V. "We must wish that at any price a German country, peopled by twenty or thirty million Germans, must grow up in Brazil." Lecture by Professor Schmoller, of Berlin University, member Prussian Privy Council.

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whose men, at the word of command, will march forward in solid blocks to be mowed down; whose artillery is heavy and deadly, and whose officers can be trusted to carry out the most drastic commands without compunction. It is this army and its doings which must be taken as the symbol of modern Germany. No longer can we take the professor, the poet, or the philosopher as our typical German. It is Kaiser Wilhelm and his soldiers who stand for all time to typify the nation whose mission was to civilize and humanize the world.

The American public will have had ample opportunities of hearing how the Kaiser and his soldiers have comported themselves, from the moment when the grandson of Queen Victoria sent an *aide-de-camp* with an insulting message to the departing British Ambassador, to the burning of Louvain, the bombarding of the unfortified town of Malines, and the strewing of trade routes with explosive mines. Of the frightful barbarities inflicted on hapless Belgians no doubt any longer exists. Some of the mutilated victims have reached England. What must be realized by those who want to understand this war is that the principal outrages are not due to isolated acts of wanton cruelty on the part of soldiers, but are part of a calculated policy, ordered by superior authorities, with the design of spreading terror in the hearts of the conquered people and preventing reprisals. They are, in short, an essential feature of the *Kulturkampf*. "Germany," declares Professor Lamprecht, the historian and apostle of culture, "is now the protector and pillar of European civilization, and after bloody victories the world must be healed by becoming Germanized." Bismarck himself laid down the proper policy to be pursued in conquered territory. "Leave them," he said, "nothing but their eyes to weep with." An eye-witness has described to the writer the conduct of German troops entering Belgian villages. Certain houses were marked and fired upon; for ten minutes, perhaps for half an hour, every inhabitant showing his or her face was shot, and then, relaxing from their toils, the German soldiers became quite amiable and friendly. The Huns, with whom the German armies have been compared, pillaged and ravaged because they knew no better. The German does it as part of a deliberate policy. He does not make war in kid gloves. The Duke of Wellington, a hundred years ago, described the Prussians on campaign as

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"horrid," and added that he believed that such excesses defeated their object. "My plan," he said, "is to bear lightly on the individual and grind the State." Laurence Oliphant wrote:

> Contact with the German armies, in 1870, has not the effect of enlisting one's sympathies in their favor. The official or Junker class detests England with a mortal hatred because they instinctively feel that the institutions of England strike at the root of their class prejudices and bureaucratic system.

The assumption that "necessity knows no law"[1] is the guiding spirit in Germany's proceedings. On that assumption treaties, engagements, conventions—all the paraphernalia of civilized intercourse—are valueless. We return to the Dark Ages when might was absolutely right. It is against this theory, and against the domination of the "blood and iron" school of Prussia, that the Allies are arrayed. Our partners in this fight have been our foes of old; they may be our rivals in the future, but for the present their cause is ours because Prussian hegemony in Europe would mean the triumph of a crude and brutal militarism. The British Empire is not afraid of nationalism; it views with sympathy the revival of national aspirations in the smaller Slav peoples, and its heart warms to Belgium; but above all we, as a free democracy, are opposed to Teutonism, which is enshrined in a military autocracy and knows no law save its own desires and ambitions.

Because the policy of Russia in the past has been illiberal and despotic some of our people have had misgivings as to our alliance with her. But the proclamation to the Poles, besides being an astute piece of strategy, may herald in a brighter era for Russia. How far Prussian influence has been responsible for the reactionary policy in St. Petersburg can be judged from the brutal oppression of Prussia's own Polish subjects. In any case the victory of the Allies will not mean the hegemony of Russia in Europe, but a stronger France, a stronger Italy, and a federation of stronger Balkan States.

In such a reconstruction of the map there will be room for a diversity of national aims and ideals, and the possibility of a quickening of intellectual and artistic life far greater than could have occurred under the weight of Prussian hegemony. National revivals are invariably marked

[1] German Chancellor's Speech in the Reichstag, August 4th.

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by esthetic renascence, and the stimulus of national patriotism seems to be the necessary inspiration for creative work. It has suited Prussia to represent Teutonism as a "*Kulturkampf*," but Germany led the world of thought and science before she had bowed the knee to the God of Battles or embarked on the quest for World Power.

The morality of waging an aggressive war does not come into the present discussion. Other nations have done it in the past, and done it as ruthlessly as Germany. Her excuse is, simply, that the Slavs, France, and the independence of the Low Countries are all obstacles in her path. Believing in herself, she must clear them out of her path or else compromise her future. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the morality of the State is on a different footing to that of the individual, so that the former may be justified in declaring that "necessity knows no law," when we have made these admissions (which are necessary if German conduct is to be condoned) we are faced by the fact that our "culture bearer" is simply asking us to return to the state of "Nature red in tooth and claw"—the primitive condition in which hunger was the first compulsion and might the only right. Without donning any pharisaical robes we may safely say that at the present stage of our civilization public opinion in the British Empire would not sanction war on such grounds or by such methods. We do not claim to be "culture bearers," but we do claim to give justice and freedom wherever we go and to keep our plighted word, and it is because we have done this that we can count, confidently, on the whole-hearted support of all the people of the Dominions—even of those who were, a short time ago, our foes.

The British Empire believes that it is fighting in the cause of liberty, that it is on the side of oppressed nationalities and opposed to a military despotism more ruthless even than that of Napoleon which threatens Europe.

We are not so free as the Kaiser with the Deity, who to that medieval monarch appears as Jehovah did to the Jews of the Old Testament—a domestic deity, to be flattered, exhorted, or thanked. But in the fine words of a recent poem we say our doxology:

> To God, whichever way the battle rolls,
> We, fighting to the end, commend our souls.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

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THE HEGEMONY OF THE FAR EAST

BY JOHN C. FERGUSON

THE stirring events now transpiring in Europe should not be allowed to divert the entire attention of the world from the changes which the present war will make in the Far East. Up to the outbreak of hostilities this summer a comparison of the interests of Europe and America in Asia would have shown the relative superiority of Great Britain. Even in comparison with Japan, Great Britain could rightly claim a preponderating influence in Asia. Is this likely to be maintained, or is the hegemony to pass into other hands?

A rapid survey of the far-reaching influence of Great Britain east of the Suez Canal is necessary in order that its scope may be grasped. Arabia is a negligible territory apart from the commanding seaport of Aden and the island of Perim at the southern entrance of the Red Sea, but both of these places are British possessions. The strength of the British position in Persia was evident during the events of 1911 which centered around Mr. Morgan Shuster. In spite of the armed forces of Russia which threatened the northern boundaries, English diplomacy was able to obtain without any warlike demonstration an equal voice in the supervisory control of the Persian Government. This result was accomplished notwithstanding the alleged support by Germany of Russian designs. The reason for the desirability of leadership in Arabia, Persia, and other small countries of Asia centers around the British possession of India. India is the most vital of all portions of the British dominions outside of the British Isles. The amount of territory owned, controlled, or dominated by the Government of India has grown steadily year by year since the eventful battle of Wandiwash in 1760, and the capture of the hill fortress of Giugi during the following year, by which events the French lost the last vestige of their control in the penin-

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sula. The position of Governor created for Lord Clive in 1758 grew into the importance of that of Governor-General for Warren Hastings in 1774, and of Viceroy for Earl Canning in 1858. On January 1, 1877, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India at the great Durbar held at Delhi. The influence of the great British Empire of India now reaches to Afghanistan, Beluchistan, Tibet, Burma, Straits Settlements, and Ceylon. It controls the sea from Suez to the Pacific Ocean and spreads to the islands of the Malay Archipelago.

From India the extension of influence to China and Japan was easy and natural. In 1792 William Pitt sent Lord Macartney on his mission to the Chinese Emperor, Chien Lung, and in 1815 Lord Liverpool sent Lord Amherst on a second embassy. In 1819 the island of Singapore was purchased from Johore as a half-way station to China, thus making possible the forward policy of Captain Elliot in 1839, which resulted in the Treaty of Nanking in 1842. Under this treaty Great Britain obtained the cession of the island of Hong-Kong and the opening to trade of the five ports of Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai. Subsequent treaties gave Great Britain "concessions" in ports which were opened to foreign trade, and these concessions, now numbering about a dozen, are controlled by British consuls. Following on the heels of the American opening of the doors of Japan came the extension of British influence. In 1858 Lord Elgin signed the treaty by which Japan agreed to open six places to British trade and residence, and to leave the settlement of questions affecting British subjects to the jurisdiction of British authorities. American influence in Japan has been very strong, but it has been second to that of Great Britain, to which nation, as in China, must be granted the first place. British writers such as Curzon, Norman, and Krausse have not been slow to claim the predominant rôle in the Far East for their nation, and no matter how unwelcome the fact may be to other nationalities its truth must be acknowledged.

Previous to the Russo-Japanese War of 1904 the only rivals to British leadership in Asia with large territorial areas were France and Russia. The earlier competitors from Spain, Portugal, and Holland had long since been outdistanced, but France had not forgotten her ambition to offset her loss of India to the British. "Farther India"

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allured her, and she waited for a favorable opportunity. Louis XVI. made an alliance with Gialong, the exiled King of Annam, but was prevented from reaping any benefits from it by the outbreak of the Revolution. French missionaries continued to carry on their work, but met with constant opposition and not infrequently with cruel deaths. In 1858 a strong force was despatched by France against Tourane as an act of reprisal for the treatment of missionaries, and subsequent military campaigns fully established French power throughout Annam, Cambodia, Tongking, and Cochin-China. A brief war with China occurred in 1884, the chief result of which was the extension of French influence into the southwestern Chinese provinces of Yun-nan and Kueichou. For the last quarter of a century the chief rival to British influence in southern China has been France, and this rivalry has been of no small importance.

Russian influence has been exerted wholly by the upbuilding of Siberia. She was the first of the European nations to make a treaty with China, the Treaty of Nertchinsk having been signed in 1689. The Trans-Siberian Railway was the culmination of the policy of the Russian development of Siberia. The desire for an ice-free port was responsible for the formation of the Chinese Eastern Railway Company which built the line southward from Harbin to Port Arthur and Dalny. This was followed by the decision of Russia to fortify these places, and thus to plant the seeds of her own undoing. This railway brought slight, if any, commercial advantages to Russia, and there was no threatening by it of British commercial supremacy. The rivalry of military strength was, on the other hand, so serious that Great Britain replied to it by leasing from China the port of Wei-hai-wei, directly across the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and Japan soon found that war was necessary to prevent the strangling of her plans for the annexation of Korea.

In 1898 the Philippine Islands fell into the hands of the United States, and in the same year Kiao-chou was seized by the Germans, but it is doubtful if either nation has acquired any additional prestige or strength from these new possessions. Neither of them has been a serious rival of British supremacy, although both have been constantly adding to their large interests.

More serious than the growth of French and Russian in-

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fluence has been the rapid advancement of Japan. In 1872 the first Japanese railway was opened, in 1889 a Constitution was granted by the Emperor, and in 1891 the first Parliament met. In 1894 occurred the war with China and the beginnings of Japanese Empire in Korea; in 1897 a gold standard was adopted; in 1899 extra-territorial rights of foreigners were abolished; in 1904–5 Russia was driven out of southern Manchuria. These great changes have been followed by the annexation of Korea, the extension of Japanese prestige in Manchuria, and the joining of Japan with Russia, England, France, and Germany in forming the Quintuple Group which is loaning money to the new Republic of China. In twenty years Japan has advanced from being regarded by Europe as on the same level as China to being a first-class Power, allied with Great Britain, and consulted in all matters affecting the Far East by all nations. This growth has been phenomenal and could only have been achieved by a nation of extraordinary ability. Her territory extends from Sakhalin through the Japanese and Loochoo Islands to Formosa, includes Korea, and is reaching out to the three eastern provinces of Manchuria. Chinese students have flocked to Japan, Japanese travelers, teachers, merchants, and agents have swarmed to every port of China. Japan has easily passed ahead of France and Russia and has become the chief competitor with England for the hegemony of the Far East. Will England retain it or has it now passed to Japan?

Many features of the present situation point to the retention by England of her hard-won leadership. Her financial interests are larger than those of any other nation. The annual revenues and expenditures of India are larger than those of Japan, so that the consideration of the comparative domestic conditions of the two nations would leave Great Britain still in the lead of Japan as an Asiatic power. In investments outside of their own territories Japan has little to her credit balance outside of a few small loans to China, which would aggregate about ten million dollars. On the other hand, England has investments everywhere from Suez to Japan. As an example, China has borrowed more from British investors than from all other nations combined. Japan buys from England three or four times as much as she sells to her, just as she sells more to America than she buys. In the one example of the sale of cotton

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goods in China, Japan in the last five years has cut into the trade of Great Britain and America, but she has only succeeded in outclassing us, while Great Britain still keeps the lead. In 1909, 10,690,000 pieces of British, 3,850,000 pieces of American, and 1,390,000 pieces of Japanese cotton goods were imported into China. In 1913 the British continued to head the list with 11,700,000, Japanese came next with 5,710,000, while American imports had dropped to 2,280,000. This supremacy has been maintained in spite of Japan's relative nearness to the market and the cheap wages of her salesmen.

In banking, leadership in China and Japan still remains with a British bank, the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, strongly supported by the Chartered Bank. Japanese banks, such as the Yokohama Specie Bank, have risen rapidly to importance in their own country, but cannot compete in large business with their British competitors. In shipping, Japan comes nearer to the level of Great Britain in the Far East than in any other commercial condition, but even in this she still holds a secondary place. In a word, it must be confessed that all phases of the financial and commercial relations of the Far East show Great Britain still to hold the commanding leadership. The proposal of a Japanese statesman last summer that there should be a union of British money and Japanese brains for the development of China shows the estimate held in Japan of British preponderance in financial matters, even though it is not conclusive as to mental outfit.

In the size and location of her territories, as in finance, Great Britain leads. The vast territory of India is protected on all sides, and its natural location shuts it off to a large extent from immediate contact with its neighbors.

The most influential factor in determining for the immediate future the hegemony of the Far East is the comparative military and naval strength of the two nations, and here Japan has everything in her favor. Europe will call for all the military and naval equipment which Great Britain can command and will leave no surplus which could strengthen her present forces in the Far East. The comparison must therefore be made between Japan and the forces of Great Britain as they are now actually in Far-Eastern service, without taking into account Great Britain's European contingent. In other words, the military and

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naval strength of India and the British colonies of Asia, together with Australasia, should be compared with that of Japan.

As to the army, Japan has a homogeneous force, commanded by her own officers, with a large number of men that have seen severe fighting in the Russo-Japanese war. India has an army of her own men commanded by British officers. In potential numerical strength there can be but little difference in the two armies, but in effective fighting the unified national spirit of the Japanese should make them superior to the mixed army of India. In naval strength Japan leads. Among the people of China, Siam, Persia, Tibet, and the smaller Asiatic states, Japan has the prestige of having defeated Russia and declared war on Germany. The thrilling effect of a single Asiatic power being able to resist a European army and to conquer it has spread throughout Asia and has aroused hopes in the hearts of all Asiatics that in some good future time Europeans may no longer be able to dominate them. Too much importance can scarcely be given to the new hopes of Asia which have been directly traceable to the defeat of Russia by Japan. The present attack upon Kiao-chou will stimulate these aspirations. In a comparison of prestige among Asiatic peoples, as also in military and naval strength, there is no doubt in my mind that the leadership has now passed to Japan.

The effect of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been to secure the stability of English rule in India, but by making possible the defeat of a second European nation in China it is having the effect of carrying away the hegemony of the Far East from Great Britain, which has long held it, and passing it over to Japan. It may be considered as a natural corollary of the rise of Japan that the leadership of Asia should be held by this Asiatic nation, but we may be sure that England has not wished for such an outcome of the changed conditions. Her hands have been forced by the larger considerations of her vast empire. My conclusion is that she will retain for a long time the controlling influence in all financial and commercial matters, but that the real hegemony of the Far East has now definitely gone to Japan. Other nations can only hope that Japan will show the same generous spirit to others which has characterized British leadership.

JOHN C. FERGUSON.

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THE WEAKNESS OF THE GERMAN MACHINE

BY A. MAURICE LOW

Would any one save a fool go to war with a certain knowledge of defeat? Would a monarch go to war when victory or defeat was evenly balanced? Not unless uncontrollable circumstances forced him into war to save national existence or to accept war as the lesser alternative to revolution. A king who was not a fool would want something more than an even chance before risking his all on the hazard of the sword.

Now it may be set down at the outset that the German Emperor is no fool. Other things he may be, certain qualities he may be deficient in, but a fool he is not. Why then did the German Emperor plunge Europe into war at the beginning of August?

The German Emperor went to war because he believed it was a safe thing to do. No man can say positively how many troops the Great European Powers are able to put in the field, probably not even rulers or war ministers, because of the discrepancies between paper estimates and mobilizations, but theoretically the two rival groups, the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, lined up:

Germany	5,000,000	Russia	6,000,000
Austria	2,300,000	France	3,900,000
Italy	1,250,000	England	negligible,

an advantage in favor of the Entente of 1,350,000. Seemingly the Triple Alliance would enter the campaign heavily outnumbered, which would give its opponents a superiority almost impossible to overcome.

But while the numerical advantage was with the *Entente* the strategical advantage was with the Alliance. France, between Germany on the east and Italy on the southeast,

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would be compelled to divide her forces. On the declaration of war France must send an army to attempt to hold Italy in check, and the French troops on the eastern frontier could not be concentrated until it was known where Germany was to deliver her attack. While the French were in doubt the Germans were certain. They had the inestimable advantage in war of the element of surprise.

Germany, therefore, supported by her Italian ally, had a twofold advantage at the beginning of the war. She could call into the field six and a quarter million men against the four million of France, or an actual superiority of over fifty per cent.; she would compel France to meet attack on both flanks, and the French defense would be uncertain until Germany had developed her campaign, and by that time the German armies, working as a unit, would have penetrated France, while the French armies would still be scattered.

This leaves out of the calculation Austria and Russia, and unquestionably both were dropped from the Emperor's calculations in the first stages of the war. The war at the beginning was to be a war between Germany and France, with such assistance as Italy might render. The German Great General Staff put no high value on Italy's military strength, but Italy was valuable to the Triple Alliance for political reasons, to make her a thorn in the side of France, and for her naval strength. Italy must either be the ally of France or Austria, therefore it was good policy to make her the ally of Austria and the enemy of France; her geographical position made her always a menace to France, and her fleet would compel the French to maintain a strong naval force in the Mediterranean.

Russia did not have to be considered, because her strength would not count until France was defeated. The German Emperor and his military advisers believed they could go through France, smash the French armies, and be in front of Paris in three weeks after the declaration of war, and because Paris is the heart of France more truly than is the capital of any other country, with Paris in their hands the war would be over. As it would take Russia from six to eight weeks to mobilize and bring her armies into the field, there would be plenty of time for the German army after its victorious campaign to be sent back to the eastern frontier.

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Every calculation made by the German Emperor miscarried, and he left out of his calculations several factors of supreme importance. Had he not been misinformed as to Great Britain, Belgium, and Servia, the war would not have been provoked.

The Emperor, of course, must have taken Great Britain into account. He must have convinced himself that either Great Britain would remain neutral, or, if she became a combatant, her military resources were negligible. Everything points to the Emperor's belief that England would remain neutral; if this supposition is correct it shows how wretchedly served he has been and what a blown-up bubble German efficiency is.

Three years ago Germany was on the verge of war with England and France. Space will not permit me to do more than mention the Agadir incident in June, 1911, but it was the greatest crisis in the relations between Germany and England since the Emperor had flung the glove in England's face by sending his provocative despatch to Kruger at the time of the Jameson raid. In July, 1911, Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, told the House of Commons that England would act in concert with France in the issue raised by Germany over Morocco. I am revealing nothing that was not general knowledge at the time. If Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium, France was told, an English expeditionary force would be sent to her assistance, and the War Office began to make plans to despatch a hundred thousand men. I asked some of my military friends if England could do this. Few believed it, but they thought by great exertion seventy thousand men could be put in the field. Great Britain's military unpreparedness was, of course, as well known to the German Emperor and his General Staff as it was to the average Englishman. It was a fact so palpable and patent that it could not be concealed.

In the three years that have elapsed there has been no increase of British military strength, and everything seemingly convinced the Emperor that England was incapable of engaging in a serious war. It is a political tradition that a Liberal Government will do anything rather than make war; the present Government was supposed to be too much engrossed with social and economic reforms to jeopardize them by war and the financial burdens it imposed, and besides there were many other considerations to tie

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the hands of the Government. The German Emperor believed in the truth of the reports made to him that Ireland was on the verge of civil war, and that rifles bought in Germany were in the hands of Ulstermen to resist the forces of the Crown. He was told of the unrest in India, of the mutterings in Egypt. South Africa was only waiting a favorable opportunity to drive out the English. With British garrisons requiring to be strengthened in Ireland, India, Egypt, and South Africa, England would have few, if any, troops to send to France.

We must give the Kaiser credit for being more cautious than some of his actions would indicate. Suppose the British Empire not to be as badly disaffected as the Kaiser's agents had reported, England might be able to do something, but how much? There was, of course, her fleet to be reckoned with, but the British navy must protect England from invasion, and England dare not strip herself of troops. While the British navy was kept in home waters German cruisers would sweep the Atlantic and the Pacific, and drive every British cargo ship off the great trade routes, shutting off the foodstuffs on which England is dependent to feed her people, and the raw materials without which her great industries must stop.

The Kaiser believed England would remain neutral. He had come to have a contempt for England. The English had grown rich, and with wealth they had become indifferent and soft. The fighting spirit had gone out of them. All they wanted was to be left alone, to play football and cricket and golf, to week end, to amuse themselves, and the future might take care of itself. They could be bribed or bullied into remaining passive, and after France had been crushed, and Belgium annexed, it would be easy to settle with England.

To take nothing for granted, to be always dominated by caution, to exaggerate rather than underestimate the enemy, it would be well to concede England throwing her feeble strength with France and Russia, and still the weight would be on the side of Germany, for not only could Germany put more men in the field than France, but she had an army a hundred per cent. more efficient than England, France, or Russia, and mere men are nothing, but efficiency is irresistible.

Efficiency! It is a most alluring word. The whole world

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has been made a little mad by it, as if great deeds could be done by mouthing syllables. Men as well as nations have been ruined by the fetish of a name. It is the device of the modern gods, whom they would first destroy they hypnotize with a pet phrase.

For years we have been told of the perfection of the German military machine, and that in two words tells both its strength and weakness. The German army was a "military machine," but an army is something more than a machine. An army consists of three parts—men, *matériel,* and brains, and the first two are valueless without the last; and the German military system made brains subordinate to the machine. The rapidity with which Germany mobilized and brought her soldiers to the colors was a triumph of the machine; the failure of her plans in the field shows her military chiefs relied too much on the machine and attached too little importance to the human element.

I was in Berlin a few years ago and remarked to a friend, who had lived there a long time, that one instinctively felt Berlin was well governed; it was apparent even to a casual visitor that the municipal officials knew their business and were on their job. "Berlin is a striking illustration of German system and German slavishness to rules and regulations," he replied. "Between certain hours on certain days in the week *Unter den Linden* must be watered, and if at that time it is raining cats and dogs you will see the watering-carts stolidly plodding up and down and adding their little contribution to the torrent. To the German an order is an order, and if it runs foul of common sense, so much the worse for common sense. In an English or American city a foreman or a gang-boss acting on his own initiative would keep the watering-carts in the stable. In Berlin, I suppose, nothing less than an edict of the Emperor could suspend an ordnance duly made and provided."

That is efficiency when carried to the *n*th power.

The Emperor's dream of an easy conquest fell to pieces like a house of cards, because seldom, if ever, has there been a government in which inefficiency has more strikingly been revealed than in the one government that has been held up to the world as a model of all that is efficient. A rigid bureaucracy palmed itself off upon its imperial master as genius, and William the Deluded believed what was told him.

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It is astounding, it would be unbelievable did we not know it to be a fact, that the German Emperor went to war without being sure of the position of his Italian ally. Italy was an important element in the Kaiser's military and naval plans, but German diplomacy is so feeble that Italy was able to find an excuse for refusing to obey her treaty obligations and to leave Germany in the lurch at the most critical moment in her history. Had Italy done what the Emperor expected, had she sent her troops into France and her fleet to the Mediterranean, England and France would have had a harder task.

The Kaiser's diplomacy was equally as inefficient in regard to England. He believed implicitly what he wanted to believe. To be told that English regiments were on the verge of mutiny, and Irish regiments could no longer be relied on, must have been as gratifying as the reports of the hopeless condition of the French army. The Kaiser has been occupied with too many other matters to be able to devote much time to modern English literature, but had he read *The Mutiny of the Mavericks* it would have profited him more than the reports of his Great General Staff and his secret agents and spies. Nobody understands the Irish —not even the Irish themselves—except the English, and their knowledge is at times rudimentary. It was the Second Conspirator who remarked, after Mulcahy had failed to corrupt the Mavericks: "I consider this will be a lesson to us. We're left again. Those cursed Irish have let us down. I knew they would." It is a way "those cursed Irish" have, "the genius of the Irish for conspiracies is remarkable." The Irish will fight the English for the love of fighting, but woe to the outsider so rash as to join in the fray.

The Kaiser drew his sword, and, lo! it worked magic. Irishmen forgot their grievances. The native princes and the people of India rallied to the defense of the Empire, and Sikhs and Ghoorkas fought by the side of English and Irish on the soil of France. South Africa perversely elected to fight with England instead of against her. Fatuously the Emperor believed that Canada and Australia were "disloyal," and they gave of their best blood and contributed their money to confound him. The bugle sounded, and before its notes ceased from every quarter of the widely scattered Empire her sons were falling into line, shoulder

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to shoulder, English and Irish, Scotch and Welsh; from the frozen north and the burning plains, from valley and veldt the legions came; under the Southern Cross the watch fires gleamed, from the rim of the Arctic her soldiers streamed.

Turn from diplomacy to the strictly military and the inefficiency of the Great General Staff—than which in all the history of the world there was supposed never to have been its equal—is even more glaringly revealed. It was the business and duty of the Great General Staff to have known the precise military resources of France, the military efficiency of Russia, and the "weight" of Austria in the military equation. The Kaiser's military advisers, as the results have shown, underestimated French strength almost as much as they did that of England; their knowledge of the celerity with which Russia could mobilize was as inexact as that of the ordinary layman; they deluded themselves when they regarded Austria as an ally upon whom they could rely.

They were so little masters of their profession that Belgium as a foe never entered into their calculations. They expected to overrun Belgium as a swarm of locusts lays bare the vegetation on which it alights, and the Belgian army was a nest of hornets, with death in their sting. Of the fighting quality of the Servians they knew nothing, and the Servians fought so well that they were able to hold Austria at bay until she was compelled to gather up all her loosely jointed strength in the hopeless attempt to stay the Russian advance.

The German soldier has fought magnificently, but he has been recklessly, brutally, foolishly sacrificed by his commanders. Grant was criticized for being a "butcher," but Grant could afford to sacrifice men in his attempt to turn Lee's flank because of his superiority in men and resources. The Germans were justified in risking enormous losses to fight a short and decisive campaign. But when the German encircling movement before Paris was checked, and the British left first halted Von Kluck's advance and forced the retreat of the entire German army, it must have been obvious to the German General Staff that the war, instead of being over in a few weeks, would last many months. The advantage of numbers was no longer with the Germans. Every day saw the German ranks thinned and those of the Allies growing stouter, fed by British reinforcements and

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the overseas troops of the Empire. The situation called for a change in both strategy and tactics, and especially the conservation of their resources, but the German officer is wedded to formalism and cannot change.

The German navy is admittedly weaker than the British, but that inferiority was to be compensated by dashing raids on the English coast and the paralysis of British commerce. These were the plans the *Admiralstab* long ago worked out. "War is attack," Von der Goltz declared. The importance of striking the first blow German strategists have repeatedly affirmed. What the German navy may do it would be unwise to predict, but at the time of writing the war has lasted nearly two months and the German navy has done nothing. That statement does not ignore the destruction of British ships by mines or the brilliant feat of the submarine attack on the *Cressy* and her consorts, but the loss of a few cruisers will no more decide the mastery of the sea than the wiping out of a patrol of uhlans will determine the fate of a battle. Only when the ships of the line, the dreadnoughts, have come into action will it be known whether Britannia still rules the waves or a mightier naval power has come out of the North Sea.

On the other hand, the British navy has penned up the German High Sea Fleet in the North Sea and compelled it to seek the security of Heligoland and the Kiel Canal, and so long as it remains behind land fortifications it is safe from attack, and it is also useless. Great Britain has brought troops from all over the world, she has sent her army and supplies to France, and her commerce is practically uninterfered with. In co-operation with France she has bottled up the entire Austrian navy and kept the Mediterranean open. And all this has been accomplished with the loss of five cruisers, which is offset by the destruction of three German cruisers and three or more submarines.

What then is the explanation of the German collapse, military and diplomatic, the confusion of the Emperor's calculations? There are two reasons.

The first is that the whole world has lain under the obsession of the might of German militarism, and Germany has been no less obsessed than the rest of the world. The Great General Staff has not been composed of Moltkes or Von Roons, but Prussian Thomas Gradgrinds. Junkers of reali-

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ties. Junkers of facts and calculations, slightly to paraphrase Dickens. Junkers who proceeded upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who were not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Junkers with a rule and a pair of scales and the multiplication table always in their pockets. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. The Great General Staff was a much better guide-book to Europe than the latest Baedeker. They knew the exact distance in kilometers from Berlin to obscure villages in France; they had the forts and bridges starred; they knew down to a fraction the range of guns. Facts, nothing but facts. They made a fetish of facts. Their system was perfection.

But the whole perfect system was wrong because it was created on wrong principles. It was an attempt to make men machines, and when training is carried to such extreme lengths that men become machines they cease to be valuable as men. If a man is required to do the same thing in the same way at the same place day after day, week after week, month after month, year succeeding year, the nearer he comes to being a machine the better, perhaps, he will do what is required of him, but that is not war. No two days in war are ever the same, no two battles are ever exactly alike. It was easy for the German General Staff to weigh and measure and multiply. So many men so much food, so many men so much ammunition, so many miles from here to there, so many hours to get from here to there, and all the calculations worked out, checked, approved, and initialed, passed upon by the higher authorities, indexed and filed. Everything correct, nothing left to chance, no hurry, no danger of anything being forgotten. But this is not war, although it is magnificent office work. It is the perfection of system, but campaigns are not fought with card-indexes. Probably it is true that the German Staff maps of France are better than the maps of the French General Staff, but battles are not fought on maps. The Germans are so enmeshed in details that from them they could not escape; they had become so much slaves of system, habit, routine, that on the field they were still weighing and measuring and multiplying. And that is not the way battles are won.

And the other reason to explain the collapse, the lifting of the obsession, the destruction of the myth of German military genius, is the vicious and immoral spy system that

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is one of the results of militarism. The German Foreign Office, the German General Staff, the German Admiralty—and it is only fair to say that what Germany did all other nations also did—relied for information on men and women who were employed to lie and steal and corrupt, whose value was their ability to lie and steal and corrupt. It was on these wretched creatures, without conscience and without morals, without even loyalty to their employers, without the honor that is supposed to exist among thieves, who took money from Germany and betrayed her, who traded in secrets they were hired to obtain, that the German Emperor relied on for information. These were the men, for instance, on whose reports the Emperor believed that civil war was impending in Ireland, that India was seething with sedition; these were the men who were employed to encourage rebellion in Ireland and to preach sedition in India; and, again, it is unfortunate that the Emperor does not know his Kipling.

That any nation should place the slightest reliance on the hired spy, known to be willing to sell his services to any government foolish enough to buy them, is to the average person having even slight knowledge of human nature incomprehensible, and yet this is the foundation on which the political and military departments of all the European governments rests. Every government is spying on every other. Every government is trying to find out the political and naval and military secrets of every other. Every government is constantly corrupting the servants of every other. If France has a new gun it will not be long before Germany knows, and then the men who can betray the secret are entangled or bribed or seduced. It is a state of affairs so shocking, so disgraceful, so vicious that it reflects upon civilization, and withal it is so futile. No nation profits by it, certainly no nation can trust in the good faith or the candor of its spies. A spy may be able to steal or buy a document or plan, who but a fool would believe the information brought by a spy? And that is the mystery of it. Rulers and statesmen are not fools, but they are foolish enough to take the word of a spy as if he were an honest man. If the world is to be freed from the menace of militarism the first requirement is the banishment of the spy, whose employment is as revolting to moral conscience as the poisoner and the hired assassin.

A. Maurice Low.

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THE PROBLEM OF UNDIGESTED SECURITIES

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

It was declared by an American banker a generation ago that the system of re-deposited reserves, by which country banks were allowed to keep a part of their supposed cash in the form of a deposit in New York or some other financial center (instead of in real "money" in their own vaults), was "one of the most explosive elements of American banking." The process of investing savings in fixed capital, converting the titles to such capital into the form of negotiable bonds and shares, and then turning them loose in the stock-market, may, by analogy, be described as one of the most dynamic factors of modern international finance. It is not a new thing that the security-market should find itself overloaded with new issues and that prices should break violently when it was discovered that the amount offered to the public was greater than the appetite for its absorption. It was this condition which caused such a sudden collapse of the stock-market in 1903, and which was condensed by the late Mr. J. P. Morgan into the pithy phrase, "undigested securities."

A much more serious situation than any merely local panic, however, or any temporary nausea from an overloaded digestion for new securities, confronted the New York market on the gathering of the recent war-clouds, when it was flooded with orders to sell American securities owned in Europe, many of them "at the market," and without regard to the sacrifice involved. The closing of the Stock Exchange became necessary in order to prevent the complete demoralization of prices which this excessive offer of securities, almost without buyers, produced. The volume of American securities owned abroad could not be absorbed by the

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entire banking power of the United States. It was not conceivable, of course, that the offers to sell would equal the entire amount thus held, but it was clear that offerings were much in excess of buying capacity at any reasonable price, without preliminary organization, and that there were, in effect, no buyers to offset the army of sellers. If the calculation of Sir George Paish is correct—that the amount of foreign capital invested in the United States is approximately six thousand millions of dollars—the offer of one-fifth of this amount at one time upon the New York Stock Exchange, or even of one-tenth, would be a load far beyond the power of the market to digest.

The conversion of fixed capital into negotiable forms is one of the greatest achievements of modern finance. It has done much to hasten the development of the new countries by placing at their command the savings of the capitalistic countries. In Canada at the present time it is estimated that the amount of foreign capital embarked is $3,500,000,000, and in other parts of America than Canada and the United States $10,000,000,000 more. If, however, these great loans by the capitalistic countries to the poorer countries, running for long terms of years, according to the terms of each particular issue of bonds, and running indefinitely in the case of stocks, can be converted at the will of the lender into call-loans payable on demand, then they involve a very serious menace to the monetary safety of the borrowing country.

The financial world cannot turn backward in the employment of negotiable securities as a factor in international exchange. It must in future, however, take into consideration that a factor which usually operates to equalize rates for money, to settle adverse balances, and to diminish the demand for gold may under certain conditions become an element as dangerous as a cargo of cannon-balls broken from their moorings, and crashing, unrestrained, about the deck of a storm-tossed vessel. The problem in this form is a very modern one, because of the enormous increase in the amount of capital converted into the form of negotiable securities in recent times, and especially the listing of such securities on foreign markets, which gives them the character of international instruments of exchange.

At the time of the Franco-Prussian War, which was in itself a local contest, the quantity of securities in existence

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in the entire civilized world was estimated at about fifty thousand millions of dollars. So few American securities were held at the time in France and Germany that quotations on the New York Stock Exchange did not decline, on the outbreak of the war, more than two or three points, and there was no occasion for the suggestion that the Stock Exchange should be closed to await the passing of the storm. At the present time, however, it is estimated by good judges that the total amount of securities listed on the various stock-exchanges of the world is in excess of one hundred and fifty thousand millions ($150,000,000,000). This is nearly twenty times the amount of gold in use as money, which is about $8,000,000,000, and is more than six times the banking-power of the United States.

These figures of total issues of securities now outstanding are probably rather within than outside the mark. In the United States alone, according to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue on the collection of the corporation tax, the capital stock of corporations rendering returns for the calendar year 1912 was $61,738,227,730, and the bonded and other indebtedness was $34,749,516,353, making a total of stocks and bonds, with perhaps some deduction for floating debts, of more than $96,000,000,000. This amount is subject, however, to deduction for practical purposes for those small corporations the distribution of whose stock is wholly a family affair.

The test of the menace to the stock-market is found primarily in the record of securities actually listed on the stock-exchanges, and this is substantially all that is covered by the estimate of $150,000,000,000 in securities which play a part on national and international markets. On the New York Stock Exchange, on February 15, 1914, the total par value of the securities listed was $25,975,000,000. This amount does not represent, however, the total of securities of large corporations and governments which play a considerable part in the American money-market. The outstanding municipal bonds of cities of over thirty thousand inhabitants, according to the latest report of the Census Bureau, represent $2,507,000,000, of which only a small portion is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The capital of national and state banks and trust companies, apart from a few New York institutions, is not listed on the exchange. The total for the United States is about $1,700,000,000. Of

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the big-share capital and bonded indebtedness of the railways, the Stock Exchange listings fail to cover about $5,500,000,000, and of traction and electric companies about $3,000,000,000. These additions to the New York listings bring up the total of securities of some degree of importance and activity very nearly to $40,000,000,000 for the United States alone, without seeking out securities of a certain importance which are listed on other American stock-exchanges, but not in New York.

Of these active securities careful calculations by French authorities put the amount held in France at about $22,000,000,000, of which about $15,000,000,000 are securities of French governments and corporations, and the remainder represent French holdings of foreign securities. In Great Britain it is estimated that investments abroad are equal to nearly $50,000,000,000. One of the best evidences of this is the great excess of merchandise imports, amounting, in 1912, to more than $725,000,000, which Great Britain exacts from the rest of the world, in addition to freights and banking commissions, as the interest on her loans. In the field of joint-stock-company organizations alone, in the United Kingdom, the official estimate of active "going" companies in April, 1912, put the number of such companies at 56,352, and their paid-up capital at £2,335,000,000, or nearly $11,500,000,000.

One of the best evidences of the rapid increase in the amount of capital saved and converted into the form of negotiable securities is afforded by the statistics published annually by the Belgian financial periodical *Le Moniteur des Intérêts Matériels* on the annual output of new securities throughout the world. These figures, which lack somewhat in completeness for the United States and other countries remote from Europe, nevertheless show new security issues in recent years at the rate of more than four thousand millions of dollars per year. It does not follow, of course, that the footings of these new demands for capital over a series of years would afford a true mirror of the real additions to dividend-earning and interest-paying securities, for some of them represent enterprises which prove abortive and whose securities soon disappear from the exchanges. The figures are so illuminating, however, especially in respect to the growth in the ratio of new security creations in recent years, that the totals for a series of years,

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reduced to American money, are set forth in the following table:

ISSUES OF SECURITIES

From Le Moniteur des Intérêts Matériels

Year	Total Issues	Conversions	Net Additional Issues
1896	$3,227,359,000	$1,465,451,000	$1,761,907,000
1897	1,852,173,000	132,182,000	1,719,991,000
1898	2,034,766,000	316,530,000	1,718,235,000
1899	2,175,823,000	120,873,000	2,054,949,000
1900	2,289,642,000	.....	2,289,642,000
1901	1,917,916,000	.....	1,917,916,000
1902	3,597,489,000	1,639,921,000	1,957,568,000
1903	3,534,248,000	1,687,729,000	1,846,519,000
1904	2,785,138,000	353,445,000	2,431,693,000
1905	3,688,124,000	323,487,000	3,364,637,000
1906	5,126,014,000	1,991,526,000	3,134,488,000
1907	2,961,378,000	43,908,000	2,917,470,000
1908	4,092,255,000	63,541,000	4,028,714,000
1909	4,743,200,000	474,090,000	4,269,110,000
1910	5,101,000,000	687,700,000	4,413,300,000
1911	3,756,900,000	143,100,000	3,613,800,000
1912	3,896,590,000	132,800,000	3,763,790,000
1913	4,043,800,000	118,150,000	3,925,650,000

This great mass of securities represents the savings of capital made during the past generation from year to year and put into the form of railways, docks, mills, and other forms of industrial equipment. Never before in the world's history have such accumulations been possible, because never before has the productive power of the race been raised to so high an intensity by the application of steam, electricity, and machinery to the processes of production. How vastly these forces have increased the productive power of civilized men may be judged by a few figures. In France, according to M. Edmond Théry, the number of days of machine capacity put annually at the command of each French citizen increased between 1875 and 1891 from 394 to 823. During the fifteen years from 1892 to the close of 1906 the increase was from 823 days of labor efficiency to 1605 days. Or, put by M. Théry in another form, "The average number of iron slaves working every day for the well-being of the French population rose from 2.26 per inhabitant in 1891 to 4.40 in 1906." In the United States the power of engines and motors employed in manufacturing alone rose from 10,097,893 horse-power in 1899 to 18,675,376 in 1909.

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In the German Empire the actual work done by steam-engines in the year 1907 was equivalent to the work of 52,000,000 men, and the increase of actually effective steam horse-power from 1895 to 1907 was equivalent to the increase of the working population by about 28,000,000 men.

This accumulation of wealth is given a transferable and more or less liquid character by the issue of bonds and shares. Indeed, without the form of the limited liability company, which limits the risk of the individual usually to the amount of his investment, it would have been almost impossible for such a fabric as that of modern industry and transportation to have been created. The system of limited liability not only makes it safe for the man of small savings to participate in large enterprises without excessive risk, but permits him to limit his participation to such amounts as he thinks proper to hazard in a single enterprise and to distribute his investments over a variety of enterprises. If his securities are of a character which are quoted on the Stock Exchange, he has the advantage of a daily bulletin as to their value presented to him by the newspapers every morning or afternoon in the Stock Exchange quotations.

When such securities are quoted on the stock-exchanges of more than one country, or are quoted on the stock-exchange of a different country from that in which they were issued, they are known as "international securities," and become a factor in the international exchanges. Under normal conditions they are a steadying and tranquilizing element, which tends to maintain uniformity in rates for money and in the distribution of capital in the principal money-markets of the world. If the rates for money tend to rise in one market, there is a disposition to transfer international securities to a market where money is more plentiful and thereby maintain the tendency of capital toward a uniform level when it moves in an unfettered market.

The ability of owners of negotiable securities to borrow on them at banks of deposit, up to 75 or 80 per cent. of their market value, has added greatly to the amount of loans for short terms or on call made by such banks. By this process securities, although representing fixed capital, have been converted in effect into call-loans, especially in their international relationships. In their character as obligations maturing at remote dates in the future or not maturing at all, they impose no burden for maintaining cash reserves upon

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the companies by which they are issued. When pledged, however, for short-term loans they impose upon the banks the necessity of maintaining practically the same reserves in gold or other lawful money which are required against other demand and short-term liabilities.

In the case of a panic in the international markets, such as has recently been witnessed, negotiable securities possess still more the character of a call-loan which can be promptly realized by the sale of the securities in those markets where purchasers can still be found. It is doubtful if the investor who has paid for his securities in full often throws them over in a period of panic. Indeed, among conservative European investors of certain classes the disposition to take a loss by the sale of securities which have fallen in price, especially if the enterprises which they represent continue to pay dividends, probably decreases with the increase of the loss. It is quite otherwise, however, with securities which have been pledged for loans, and especially with those securities which are held by the banks themselves, when put under such severe pressure to convert their assets into cash as occurred when the full import became apparent of the recent Austrian message to Servia and the intervention of Russia in Servia's behalf.

It was these conditions, in a degree never before equaled since the organization of the modern money-market, which caused the closing of the New York Stock Exchange on July 31st last. Never before has a situation arisen where the desire to convert securities into money attained such magnitude as in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and other European markets, all at one time. Early in the year distrust of some of the enterprises represented by American securities played some part in the heavy sales made in the New York market or for New York delivery. It became quite evident, however, during the closing week of July that the impelling motive of the sales was not the character of the securities themselves, but the desire of European bankers and investors to turn everything possible into cash.

It is to be hoped that the event of a universal European war will not again cast its terrorizing shadows over the security-markets; but it is conceivable that other causes might bring about again an offer to a given country of an amount in its own securities in excess of its capacity to absorb them. For Americans the problem presented, there-

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fore, is whether their financial mechanism can be so organized as to withstand in the future the sudden return from abroad of several hundred millions of securities issued by American corporations. If no other protective measures are sufficient, recurrence must be had again to the desperate expedient of suspending the sessions of the Stock Exchange and thereby depriving the foreign seller of a market for his offerings. Obviously, however, the Stock Exchange cannot remain closed in perpetuity. A market of some character must exist for the sale of securities, or the whole mechanism of modern finance has broken down as completely as the collapse of Roman authority in the West when barbarian incursions, unbearable taxation, and abandoned farms made it no longer possible to support the machinery of government.

The most obvious remedy for an excessive offer of securities from foreign markets would, under ordinary conditions, be the formation of a bankers' pool to take over such offerings at prices which were likely to prove profitable in the end and which would not involve the complete demoralization of the market. If France alone, for instance, had been involved in difficulties, and had in consequence begun to sell American securities, such a pool might have included the strong international banking-houses of London, Berlin, and Vienna. The American members of the pool could well have agreed to take over the American securities acquired when opportunities arose for distributing them in the American market as new investors appeared from time to time with new savings. The question involved is largely that of time. Undoubtedly, among the banks of the United States and their clients could be found a market for even so large a sum as $500,000,000 in American securities at the low prices reached on the New York Stock Exchange on July 30th, the last day before its closing. The readiness and ability of the American public to take $500,000,000, if offered in the form of a government war-loan, can hardly be questioned. Even the French people, with less than half the population of the United States, subscribed forty times over for the new loan of about $161,000,000, offered on the French market on July 7th, before the presentment of the insolent note of Austria to her Servian neighbor.

Under the unusual conditions of July and August last, however, hardly a dollar of foreign support could be looked

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for by American bankers in taking over or carrying American securities held abroad. It is possible that if a strong man like the late Mr. J. P. Morgan could have taken the matter in hand he might have brought about a pool among a dozen or so of the big banks of issue and joint-stock banks of London, Paris, Petrograd, and New York, to carry the load of panic offerings temporarily, until American bankers were ready to take over the burden. Under the particular circumstances which developed, three important countries remained at peace with the United States and with each other—England, France, and Russia. Even little Belgium and Holland, among the richest and most prosperous countries of Europe, would probably have contributed some help in the formation of a strong international pool. Such a plan would almost inevitably require the co-operation of the banks of issue, like the Bank of France, the State Bank of Russia, and the Bank of England, because only through the exercise of the power of rediscount by those banks would the joint-stock banks, like the Crédit Lyonnais, of Paris, or the London County and Westminster, of London, have been able to tie up their assets, even temporarily, in securities.

Up to the present time the New York money-market would be at a disadvantage in any such plan of co-operation, because there is no central banking authority in existence authorized to take the lead in a policy of co-operation. This evil will be partly cured when the Federal Reserve system is in effective operation. It will then be possible for the Bank of France, which was unable to discern any central authority rising above the wreckage of 1907, to recognize the Federal Reserve Board or the Federal Reserve banks of New York and Chicago as its peers in financial responsibility. A pool in which the parties were the Bank of England, the Bank of France, the State Bank of Russia, and the Federal Reserve system of the United States would represent gold holdings of more than two thousand millions of dollars and a much greater volume of liquid assets.

The Federal Reserve banks organized under the law of December 23, 1913, are practically debarred by the language of the law from ownership of securities or from lending on securities, except certain classes issued by federal, state, and municipal governments. This limitation follows the wise policy of the European banks in discriminating between the character of commercial paper, which is paid at maturity

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and which contracts in amount with the contraction of business, and the rigidity of shares and bonds, which have no power of contraction except by a fall in price. The new law rests, therefore, upon a sound theory, which should not be departed from under normal conditions. It might contribute, however, to checking panic if the law was so amended as to permit the Federal Reserve banks to aid in carrying securities under exceptional conditions. If their assets were clear of such burdens in tranquil times, they would be in a stronger position to relieve the investment banks of part of the load in periods of pressure.

The Federal Reserve banks could not be asked to take the risk of the depreciation of securities, but would be compelled to require the national banks, or any other institutions submitting securities for rediscount purposes, to make themselves responsible for the loans granted. If the present provisions of the law prohibiting loans relating to security issues and investment were left in full force, subject to suspension with the approval of the Federal Reserve Board in case of great emergency, the same object might be accomplished which is accomplished by suspension of the Bank Act in England in respect to commercial obligations—that there would be a refuge somewhere for obligations which the other banks were for a moment unable to support.

The extent to which the Federal Reserve system might be capable of coming to the aid of the market for securities in grave emergencies is not an entirely unexplored field. It was contemplated by the plan of the National Monetary Commission for the formation of a central institution to support American banking that the National Reserve Association thus formed should take over the entire amount of United States bonds pledged by national banks to secure circulation. The amount held for this purpose in January, 1912, when this plan was presented, was in excess of $700,000,000. It was evidently the judgment of the Monetary Commission, therefore, that the Central Reserve Association would be strong enough to absorb and hold this mass of securities as a part of its assets until they could be distributed upon an investment basis. This presumption was reasonable and was not generally assailed in the criticism evoked by the framework of the plan. The new Federal Reserve law contemplates a similar absorption by the Federal Reserve banks of bonds held to secure circulation, which

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amounted on August 1st last to $740,220,660. The process of absorption is limited by law to $25,000,000 per year, beginning two years after the passage of the act. This limitation, however, did not have the approval of all the friends of the new financial mechanism, who urged that the amount of bonds taken over annually should be left to the judgment of the Federal Reserve Board, to be exercised in the light of events.

If the Federal Reserve system already held in its assets $700,000,000 in bonds, it would be in a very poor position to take over other obligations of a similar character. If, however, these bonds had been distributed to investors, or even if the Federal Reserve system had not yet purchased more than a small percentage of the total amount now in the hands of the national banks, the system would be in a position to aid the investment banks in shouldering the burden of a sudden torrent of foreign orders to sell American securities. If the judgment of the National Monetary Commission was justified as to the amount which could be absorbed, a sum as high as $700,000,000 might be taken care of temporarily in this manner. If the strong national banks and other investment institutions in New York were to enter into a pool with the Federal Reserve system, the foundations of the breakwater thus set up against the tidal wave of foreign selling would be still further broadened. Inevitably, it would be essential that the Federal Reserve system should keep its hands clean of such operations in normal times, and should reserve such powers for exercise only in great emergencies, as the governments of England and France reserved the power to issue small notes until they were faced by the emergency of a European war.

There remains, finally, the question whether the United States or any other country is ethically bound to buy back a great mass of securities issued by its corporations and municipalities when to do so threatens financial and economic disaster. Of the obligation to pay promptly securities which have reached maturity there is no question. But it may be otherwise with those issued for terms of years, of which the maturities are still distant. It would not be contended by anybody that a corporation was bound to provide for the payment of its bonds or the redemption of its stock before the dates set by the terms of the contract. If an investor holds a five-per-cent. collateral trust bond of the

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United States Steel Corporation, due in 1951, he would be apt to receive scant courtesy if he should walk into the office of the corporation some morning and say he would like to get his bond paid off. Corporations are not in any way obligated, tacitly or otherwise, to pay their securities before maturity, and those few which have made a public offer to take them off the market at a given price have usually been those guilty of dubious financing and have been victims of ultimate disaster. An obligation of fixed maturity or no maturity at all, like a share of stock, is a contract binding the holder according to its terms. Against it the issuing corporation is under not the slightest obligation to accumulate a cash reserve, as a bank is required to do against demand liabilities, nor to take any other step for its protection or ultimate redemption except the prudent conduct of the business and the gradual accumulation of funds for taking care of those obligations which mature.

When national economic life is involved it is a question whether the controlling financial powers in a nation have not the right to take the same point of view. If the United States is a borrower in foreign countries to the extent of $6,000,000,000, as estimated by Sir George Paish, such borrowings were obviously made with the expectation that the obligations issued for them would not be presented for redemption until maturity. In the ordinary course of business in tranquil times it is a matter of indifference, alike to the issuing corporation and to the powers of high finance, whether some of these securities drift back to the issuing country or not. There is, indeed, a profit sometimes in taking them back at prices below the prices of issue, and they serve a convenient medium for balancing international transactions. When, however, the problem becomes essentially a national one, the question arises whether it is not within the ethical rights of the borrowing nation to say, as a nation, through its higher governmental and financial authorities:

"We adhere to the letter of the contract. We borrowed this money for fixed terms extending far into the future, with the express object of protecting ourselves against the sudden demand for its repayment. We object emphatically to the attempt to convert this time-loan into a call-loan against this country, simply because the holders of the obligations find it convenient to demand the money. We refuse, therefore, through our Stock Exchange regulations, and

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through the co-operation of our banking-houses, to treat this vast debt as a call-loan and to pay it off, even on the favorable terms you offer, by permitting the sale of the securities on our stock-exchanges under conditions which would impair the value of every other share of stock and every bond held in this country, would reduce the value of the assets of our banks, and would shake the foundations of our fiduciary institutions which guard the savings of the poor."

This is a position which the nation as a whole, without being subject to criticism on ethical grounds, might take through its constituted financial powers, as a step in the proper distribution of the burden of taking over the securities thrown back upon the American market. It would not be practicable, even if it were desirable, to erect a permanent barrier against their return, if the holders desired to dispose of them. It may be both practicable and desirable, however, to so distribute and mitigate the process as to avert a panic on the American market and give to the liquidation an orderly and gradual character which would prevent serious losses, not only to American bankers and investors, but to the foreign holders of these securities themselves.

In such a matter there should be co-operation between the leading banking-houses with foreign clients, just as there is co-operation in the matter of exchanging clearing-house certificates and restoring the free movement of foreign exchange. The house of J. P. Morgan & Company had little difficulty in securing an agreement among the exchange-houses in 1895 to sell exchange only at a price slightly above the gold point and to refrain from shipping gold. Similar co-operation would seem to be practicable under proper rules between houses engaged in the distribution of securities. Even those with a considerable foreign clientèle should place foremost the interests of their own country. In the long run, they would probably render a service to their foreign clients whose securities they refused to dump on the American market at panic prices, and who would thus be left in better position when the restoration of confidence brought a return to normal prices and conditions.

CHARLES A. CONANT.

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OUR QUEST OF FOREIGN TRADE

BY C. T. REVERE

At last the restless energy hitherto largely expended in developing and supplying the greatest "home" market in the world is turning to broader fields for conquest. American commerce also comes seeking a "place in the sun." Oversea trade is no longer to be viewed with casual condescension—gratefully accepted in seasons of surplus production or periods of depression, to be forgotten when domestic demand again stretches forth eager hands. Belated, but none the less deep-seated, has come the conviction that foreign markets can be won if they are treated as primary markets, whose requirements should receive as much unremitting care and study as our own, instead of regarding them as the outlet for our overflow or the cemetery of our manufacturing mistakes.

On previous occasions we have made spasmodic efforts to "capture foreign trade." In each instance, however, the flutter has died away when the gale of boisterous publicity subsided. Our prospective customers, especially in the Latin-American countries, have been inclined to view these forays as a scramble after the nimble dollar, and have cast their lot with the slow shilling and the equally slow and perhaps surer mark. Old Europe, wise with the seasoning commercial experience of centuries, has smiled cannily at our boasts over "favorable trade balances," taken our shipments of raw materials, and grown still richer in returning these same raw materials in the form of manufactured goods. Nay, Europe has been even painfully solicitous about encouraging American exports—of foodstuffs and raw materials. She can view with undisturbed complacency consecutive decades of "favorable trade balances" furnished at the expense of impoverished soil, depleted mines, and denuded forests.

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Affording a clear relief against the confusing blur created by our feverish outbursts of foreign trade activity stand the notable successes achieved by certain branches of American industry. Backed by well-organized sales departments, offering merchandise of an approved and established standard or articles possessing the unique stamp of Yankee ingenuity, considering the needs and wishes of oversea customers as deserving of attention as domestic requirements, they have blazed the trail into every country on the globe. This pioneer task has been performed chiefly by the leaders in American enterprise—"big business," if you will—but the path worn by these exports of steel, oil, and tobacco products, farm implements, sewing-machines, cash registers, and typewriters can be followed by thousands of small manufacturers, with the reward contingent chiefly on their attitude and methods.

In the first place, we are no longer almost exclusively an agricultural people. In 1880 the products of the soil formed 84 per cent. of our total exports; in 1913 the proportion had dropped to 46 per cent. In 1880 manufactures constituted 15 per cent. of our exports, and in 1913 this proportion had increased to 49 per cent. In spite of the fact that more than 60 per cent. of the world's acreage of corn is located within our boundaries, we imported more than 8,000,000 bushels of this cereal from the beginning of October, 1913, to the end of February, 1914. While the miracle of this season's wheat crop has again furnished occasion for agricultural optimism, our farming methods will have to undergo a decided improvement if our supply of breadstuffs is to be more than adequate for domestic consumption.

In addition to the gradual shift from an agricultural to an industrial basis it is necessary to consider certain other features, less fundamental, perhaps, but equally potent in their bearing on the character of our commerce. The new tariff law has been accepted as placing us on a competitive basis with other manufacturing countries. In order to maintain our place in our own markets we must equip ourselves to fight for other markets. Our surrender of neutral ground to European competitors enables them to reap the advantage of larger profits, thus affording the sinews for the campaign to capture American trade on a price basis which the domestic manufacturer cannot meet.

The opening of the Panama Canal furnishes a new high-

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way for the commerce of the Western Hemisphere. The nations which reap its advantages will be those which best avail themselves of it. While certain unjustified hopes may have risen regarding the benefits which the Federal Reserve law will confer in the promotion of foreign trade, it is at least conceded that it helps to carry out the declared purpose of President Wilson that trade shall be set free. The privilege granted to Federal Reserve banks for the establishment of foreign agencies paves the way for the creation of direct banking relations with other countries, the lack of which has always been regarded as a restraint upon our oversea commerce.

The following factors, therefore, may be regarded as furnishing the underlying basis for our efforts to obtain an increased share of foreign trade: Changing industrial conditions, a tariff forcing us into manufacturing competition with older countries, the benefits held out by the completion of the Panama Canal, and new advantages believed to have been created by the passage of our new currency law. The time was ripe. Then as if to give dramatic emphasis to the hour that had been struck, the paralysis attendant upon war benumbed the energies of the Old World and for a period has given us uncontested access to all neutral markets. Accident or augury, an opportunity has arisen such as never existed before. Are we equal to it?

Foreign students of our commercial life take the view that we are never likely to succeed permanently as important factors in world commerce, chiefly because it is not a matter of life and death with us. According to the last decennial census, our manufactured products in 1909 reached the enormous total of $20,672,052,000. Estimates by the Bureau of Manufactures based on this showing placed our total manufactured products last year at $25,000,000,000. This is more than the total of the manufactured products of England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland combined. Our foreign exports last year reached a total of $2,484,000,000, of which $1,185,000,000 consisted of manufactures. Our exports of manufactures, therefore, represent only 4.7 per cent. of our total output of such products. England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland shipped abroad a total of manufactured goods equal to 60 per cent. of their production. The record per capita exports of the United States—reached in 1913—were about $25. Those of Holland were

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$210; Belgium, $100; Great Britain, $53; Germany, $33; and France, $32.

The assumption that America will not obtain an increased proportion of foreign trade because it is demonstrably not vital to its commercial existence, can hardly be supported. Proper appreciation of the American temperament suggests that refuge in the last ditch is not essential to arouse the fighting spirit. Adequate incentives undoubtedly will be found in the realization that exports aid in stabilizing home industry; that foreign business may be *profitable without a profit* if it reduces costs in our own country; and that the expansion of our oversea trade is necessary as a defensive as well as offensive measure. Our manufacturers must maintain a great volume of production in order to meet success on the narrowed margin of profits brought about by increased competition with foreign manufacturers. Our recurring periods of depression, if not prevented, would at least undergo some mitigation as a result of commercial expansion, because our foreign trade would take up some of the slack attendant upon an over-rapid advance.

These are some of the conclusions which have been responsible for the renewed effort to increase our oversea commerce. At the recent convention of the National Foreign Trade Council in Washington the situation and the prospects were ably discussed by the leading representatives of our industrial and commercial bodies. The activities of this organization have not been confined to felicitations and resolutions, but have been manifested in sustained effort to arouse interest and promote activity along definite lines.

Speaking in broad terms, no permanent success in world commerce has ever been achieved by any nation without a certain command of the machinery by which it is conducted: ocean transportation, banking, exchange, and insurance facilities. America may accomplish this miracle without the aid of this equipment, but reliance upon fortuitous circumstances in lieu of approved methods is an invitation to disappointment. The manufacturer who makes the goods and the merchant who sells them undoubtedly come first in the list of essential factors. A general discussion of our bid for an increased share in the oversea trade therefore entails the problems of how the products are to be manufactured, sold, financed, and transported. An important place also must be given to the *attitude which the exporting country*

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maintains toward its citizens who are engaged in foreign trade.

Those manufacturers who have won success in foreign fields, especially in the less developed countries, have given first consideration to the fact that the foreign market must be treated as a primary market. This is the method followed by Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, and to a certain extent by France. It seems trite to say that the article to be sold must be something that the foreign customer really wants. This truism, however, has never been fully appreciated by the American manufacturer. With a few notable exceptions there has been no systematic effort to meet the requirements of foreign buyers. In times of depression the threatened congestion has aroused an impatient eagerness to sell, not what the foreign market needs, but what the domestic manufacturer has on hand. This policy has been largely responsible for the complaints of rejected shipments and unpaid accounts which have loomed like scarecrows in the fertile field of foreign trade.

Thanks to the increasing efficiency of our consular service and the helpful interest manifested by the Department of Commerce, no American manufacturer need rush blindly into unprofitable errors. Specific reports on the demand for certain products, surrounding market conditions, tariff restrictions, and credits are available upon inquiry. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce has been constituted the ganglion of our system of trade development. Recently, through the assignment of trained specialists known as " commercial attachés " to the task of studying foreign manufacturing and business methods, a step has been taken to grant to our commerce a place in diplomacy rivaling that which previously has been monopolized by our international political relations.

Only those who have been engaged in the export trade are in a position to appreciate the marked improvement in our consular service, in the alert interest manifested toward increasing our commerce. One instance should suffice for illustration. A few years ago, it will be recalled, the carelessness of American methods of packing were cited as among the chief causes of our failure in the Latin-American field. Machinery was so poorly crated that it often arrived in a damaged condition. This meant a delay of months before the missing parts could be replaced. Goods intended

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for shipment on mule-back over the Andes were put up in such bulky form that their transportation to the ultimate destination was an impossibility unless the style of the original package was changed.

The persistent hammering of our consuls changed all this. Month after month in their reports to Washington and in their communications to exporters they preached the gospel of proper packing. They exploded the idea that the demand of the foreign customer was a mere whim. They set forth the necessity of protecting the contents of cases from drippings in the holds of tramp steamships, from careless handling by stevedores. As a result of this campaign the complaint of faulty packing by American exporters is based largely on legend, which, however, is faithfully nurtured by our trade rivals.

In recent years diplomacy has been turning more and more to the furtherance of foreign trade. This function, previously largely confined to the negotiation of commercial treaties, now intrigues for government contracts, concessions, and participation in loans, the safeguarding of patent rights, and opposition to laws inimical to the extension of trade.

The leading European countries, in fact, consider diplomacy the basis of their oversea commerce. In many respects Germany presents the most striking example of results achieved by the co-operation of government and business. Through the unremitting vigilance of its Foreign Office and the enactment of favorable legislation, German commerce has been given a stimulus and vigor which the energy of its manufacturers and merchants alone could not have imparted. Trade in Germany also has been "set free," and the business legislation of that country shows an encouraging absence of statutory attempts to nullify economic laws. The government policy even goes to the extent of forcing unusual credits to exporters from banks or granting freight reductions on railroads or steamship lines in order that foreign competition may be met.

Second only to the manufacture of articles which meet the requirements of the export trade comes the selling of these products. For the purpose of this discussion it would seem best to treat the question from the standpoint of the small manufacturer. The export relations of our large corporations have been won only by campaigns lasting for years,

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entailing enormous expenditures of energy and money. No such resources are at the command of the small manufacturer, although the pioneer work done by the large American concerns has been of assistance in creating markets and establishing prestige for American goods.

Generally speaking, however, no small manufacturer can develop a foreign market except for patented articles in which there is no competition. The expense of advertising and other methods of establishing trade, the necessity of maintaining personal contact with customers, the credit risk, unless there are ample facilities for investigation, all these and many other features would entail an outlay too great to be borne, except by a business of large volume.

Once more German methods may be cited with profit. The export business of thousands of small German manufacturers is handled almost entirely by large selling units, which have been found to perform the merchandizing function more efficiently and economically than would be possible by the individual of moderate resources. It is necessary to employ men of high character, thorough business training, and equipped with a knowledge of the language and social and business customs of the country to which they are assigned. Strong selling organizations *under American management,* equipped to give adequate service to the exporting manufacturer and the purchaser, and to furnish the needed capital for extending credit would solve the problem of the disposal of our products and remove from that branch of commerce many of the traditional difficulties which have hitherto stood as lions in the path of our pilgrims seeking foreign trade.

The extension of our foreign business would tend logically to the development of co-operative associations of manufacturers producing articles along kindred lines. Makers of electrical supplies, railroad equipment, appliances for hydro-electric power, cotton goods, and other needed forms of merchandize could be organized into separate groups, thus laying the basis for concentrated effort, and at the same time eliminating the element of ruinous competition among our own exporting producers. The expense to the individual members of these selling groups would not be onerous, as efforts would not be directed so much to obtain profits for the co-operative association as for its constituent members.

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One obstacle to the development of selling combinations for the foreign field has been presented by our legislative attitude. With the competitive instinct receiving emphasis from statutory mandate the question has been raised as to whether an attempt to foster selling combinations for the foreign field would not come under the ban of our anti-trust laws. The absurdity of regulations which would prevent our manufacturers from getting together and cutting down selling expenses in order to meet the manufacturers of Germany, Great Britain, and other countries on even terms is too patent to deserve further comment. Nevertheless, the doubt upon this point acts as a restraint upon our commerce, and until judicial decision or Congressional disclaimer removes the possibility of criminal procedure we may expect our merchandizing progress to be impeded. While the principle of the Sherman Law has been accepted in its application to our home market, the indirect extension of its provisions to make it inure to the benefit of the foreign competitor furnishes an implication inconsistent with our national intelligence.

The course of Germany in the famed potash imbroglio supplies an instance of helpful paternalism and the unwillingness of Government to put upon its citizens engaged in foreign commerce any forced competition or unreasonable restraint that would reduce the profit accruing to its own people. In this case the Minister of Commerce abrogated the contracts entered into by independent producers because the sales had been made at prices which the potash syndicate did not care to meet. This action was justified on the ground that there would be a drop in prices (to quote the official explanation) "to such an extent that the *profit of foreign countries* and the loss to the domestic production would be very considerable."

Although there has been a faint disposition to question the importance of establishing direct banking relations in the furtherance of foreign trade, the contentions are not sustained by the experience of commercial nations from Venice down to the present day. Credit machinery is needed to finance the distribution of products and to carry the goods until they are paid for. It is merely a question as to whether this function is to be performed for our export trade by European or American bankers. Until the American banker establishes the dollar as a stable measure of

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value by the side of the pound sterling, so long will American commerce be handicapped by the impost of additional exchange transactions which do not constitute a tax on the trade of our most formidable rivals. Moreover, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that a considerable advantage is accorded our competitors from the espionage of documents accompanying bills of exchange upon their arrival in foreign banks, thus revealing our plans and trade secrets, giving information which may be placed at the disposal of home customers in the country of the bank's origin.

These two elements—and there are many others—should furnish sufficient incentive for direct banking relations, a step which has already been undertaken by the far-sighted management of the National City Bank of New York.

Of supreme importance to our commerce, and as a logical development of direct banking relations, would come the pronounced extension of our investment operations in the less developed countries. Direct banking relations would perform the reconnaissance work, lay the basis for essential amity, and remove numerous misconceptions arising from past blunders and insular egoism. With the ultimate flow of capital into the new fields of our activities the stimulus to commerce would produce returns through countless channels.

The mercantile intelligence of Great Britain, and later of Germany, has been alive to the importance of developing the resources of the countries in which attempts have been made to extend commercial relations. Funds advanced for the building of railways, tram lines, irrigation works, and public improvements involve a preference in the furnishing of equipment and supplies, and in numerous instances a voice in the administration of the new projects. It has become the established practice in loan contracts made by the leading European nations with the less developed countries to stipulate that the materials shall be furnished by manufacturers of the country lending the money. While we have been dazzled by the shibboleth "Trade follows the flag," the practical Old World merchant has built up his solid success on the principle that "Trade follows the loan."

The magnitude of European investments in the newer countries is almost as difficult to grasp as astronomical dimensions. Sir George Paish in the last annual banking number of the *Statist* estimated that upward of $40,000,000,000 of

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capital had been supplied to the less-developed countries by the five "lending nations" — Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland. The investment of this vast sum has enriched both borrowers and lenders. The aggregate value of the imports of the five lending nations two generations ago was less than $1,250,000,000. Largely owing to the impetus given to industry by advances of capital for development, these same five countries are now buying $10,000,000,000 worth of goods annually from other countries. On the basis of London Stock Exchange listings, British investments in Latin-America are estimated at $5,800,000,000, yielding an annual return of more than $200,000,000. The purchases of the United Kingdom from Latin-America in 1912 were only slightly in excess of $300,000,000, and the investment returns pay nearly two-thirds of the bill.

Investing power is a national asset. It can be utilized when other advantages such as cheap labor, cheap raw material, and improved machinery have been reduced to the common factor and canceled. We are a nation of borrowers. So was Germany when she started to build up her foreign trade. She took advantage of her high credit to borrow at low rates in order to have funds available to loan at still higher rates. The big returns on these advances rest on the principle that the obligation of the borrower is not confined merely to the repayment of the debt with interest.

The need for American ships to transport American products has not yet become a commercial ideal with us. Until that time comes our goods will continue to be taxed with higher freight rates than Europe pays. Tonnage assembles where commerce is most active, and commerce above all things has a habit of moving along the lines of least resistance.

If the American genius for organization, already demonstrated in the domestic field, is really about to be concentrated on the extension of oversea trade, many existing obstacles will be removed. The courage of our industrial leaders and common sense of the people at large warrant such a prophecy. Sacrifices must be made, but these have no terrors. Notwithstanding our limited experience, we have already learned that in the game of world commerce psychology plays a part almost equal to that of economics.

C. T. Revere.

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AFTER THE WAR

BY STUART H. PERRY

With an unconcern that is characteristic of the American people in all matters involving foreign relations, the press and public of this country apparently are giving little definite thought to the ultimate consequences of the present European war.

The horror and the pity of it move us deeply; its commercial and financial effects are a matter of keen speculation; the performance of our duties as a neutral power is a subject of conscientious vigilance. But our concern apparently extends no further than the duration of the war itself. The peace to follow—for us more portentous than the active hostilities—is relegated to the dim and misty horizon of our political vista.

Assuming that the present war ends decisively, a sort of political probate court presently will be in session. The business in hand will be the settlement of the estates of one or more deceased world powers, and the guardianship of certain minor powers.

A glance at the map will afford an inventory of these political estates: To Germany, possessions in Africa, China, and the Pacific Ocean; to France, possessions in Africa, Asia, South America, and the West Indies; to Great Britain, possessions on every continent and in every sea.

The estates of those minor powers for whom guardianship may be demanded are also easy to inventory: To Holland, possessions in the East and West Indies and in South America; to Denmark, islands in the north Atlantic and the Caribbean Sea; to Portugal, possessions in Africa, Asia, the Atlantic, and the Indian archipelago.

Now let us look into the future—perhaps the near future—and forecast the possible trend of events. The most serious political effects would result from such a victory as

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would lead to the maximum disturbance of existing territorial sovereignty. This obviously means that the defeat of the nation or nations having the most extensive or important possessions would, *ceteris paribus,* be most disturbing. Such disturbance would be augmented in proportion to the commercial and political activity and militancy of the victorious nation. The disturbance also would be proportional to the changes wrought in such nation's position and temperament. A nation with many territorial possessions might change little in action or spirit by the acquisition of more; whereas a nation with few possessions, and suddenly acquiring many, would experience a subjective change that might be even greater than her territorial aggrandizement.

Applying these principles, without prejudice or favor, and with reference solely to facts that can be seen or anticipated with reasonable certainty, it is obvious that the most serious disturbance would arise from a sweeping victory for Germany and a correspondingly crushing defeat for Great Britain. In such a case the vast estate of the British Empire would be parceled out in favor of Germany, to the utmost extent and degree that German military and diplomatic powers could bring about. French possessions would be similarly dealt with, and an inevitable sequence would be the virtual or actual absorption of Holland into the German Empire.

Germany has the keenest land-hunger of any nation save Japan. In ambition she is unsurpassed by any. Her commercial necessities are great, her commercial desires insatiable. Coupled with these attributes would be a matchless military organization, a militant spirit exalted by victory to the highest pitch, and a methodical unification of national energies unequaled by any people in any age.

It is hardly necessary to point out the resultant of these forces. Germany's demands would be a function of her power. What she would obtain would be limited only by the residuum of resistance in the conquered nations, plus such obstacles as might be interposed by interested powers now neutral.

Chief among these interested neutral powers, and most vitally interested of all, would be the United States. That situation would arise from the geographical distribution of British and other possessions, as well as from the known and visible trend of German ambitions, both political and

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commercial. The cession of Canada is hardly within the range of possibility; but it is certain that among Germany's first demands would be the cession of some or all of the British possessions in the West Indies and in Central and South America, as a logical step toward the ultimate political control of some part of South America and the immediate commercial control of the whole of it.

These possessions comprise the Bahamas, a majority of the Lesser Antilles, Jamaica, British Guiana, and British Honduras. Coincident with the disintegration of the British Empire and the subjugation of France, would come the transfer to Germany of the French West Indies and French Guiana. Next would come the absorption of the Netherlands. That step is logically so necessary an element in the German plan that there is no room for dispute as to its probability, nor could even its propriety be questioned. It would be a necessary step in order to extend the German Empire's offensive and defensive frontier as against both France and Great Britain, and it would be an equally necessary step in the unhampered development of German commerce. It is very unlikely that German ascendancy over the Netherlands would stop short of complete political absorption; and when the flag of Germany was hoisted at The Hague, it would simultaneously rise in the East Indies, Dutch Guiana, and the island of Curaçao.

Thus in addition to the acquisition of British possessions in the Caribbean Sea and along its littoral, the existing Dutch possessions in the same region would also become a part of the German Empire. By the same process, and in furtherance of the same designs, French Guiana would be consolidated with the former British and Dutch Guiana under the German flag, which also would rise on the French West Indian islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe.

Denmark's case would remain, and it might be delayed in court, continued from term to term, for a period of years. But the final judgment, though perhaps tardy, would be no less certain. Denmark's horoscope may be read in her geographical position, in her strategic importance, in Germany's obvious desires and military necessities. With the extinction of Danish sovereignty, the German flag would rise at St. Thomas, the premier strategic point of the Caribbean Sea.

Thus in the event of a complete German triumph, and a

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proportionately complete British disaster, we should witness (if we elected to be mere witnesses) the transfer to the German Empire of the entire West Indies, excepting Cuba, Porto Rico, and Haiti, together with considerable holdings upon the mainland of both Central and South America. The Panama Canal could be reached only through a complete ring of German possessions.

This sudden reversal of existing political conditions in the Caribbean would have its counterpart on the other side of the world, where our interests, though less vitally important, would be equally isolated by an identical process.

Such are the possibilities latent in a German triumph—possibilities that may vanish like a mirage with the news of the next battle, or which may suddenly spring up before us, a veritable *Erdgeist,* leaving us aghast.

A victory for the Allies interests us directly only through its possible effects on British possessions and on the attitude of the British nation. In the Caribbean Sea there would be no changes of sovereignty. In the Pacific we find a reversal of the situation in the Caribbean, as Germany has numerous island possessions, some of strategic value, which would go either to Great Britain or to her Oriental ally. From present appearances it seems probable that Great Britain rather than Japan, in such case, would gain these islands, and when the full diplomatic history of the last two years in both hemispheres is written this surmise may appear to be based on something more substantial than a bare assumption. It is enough to say that we have no present grounds to question Japan's motives or to discount her declarations.

What the effect of such acquisitions would be on Great Britain's policies is somewhat problematical. The probability is that it would be nugatory; for such accessions at most would represent a very small increment to her present empire, and in themselves scarcely any increment to her strategic strength. It is likely, therefore, that the subjective influence of such changes would be correspondingly slight. She already has a world empire, and the spirit that goes with it—a spirit strongly imperialistic, but with well-defined limits. A few more islands would not make her empire much greater, nor would it necessarily enlarge the scope of her ambitions. Her unoccupied, or sparsely settled, lands already are so extensive that her emigrant population would

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have to increase prodigiously before she would feel that land-hunger which is the mainspring of territorial expansion.

It is possible, however, that this forecast of British disposition is wrong. It also is possible that some act of ours —right or wrong—might force her into a different attitude. In such an event British acquisition of the present German Pacific possessions might be fraught with some significance to us, reproducing to some extent in the far Eastern waters the conditions we have described in the Caribbean area, though our interests there are less vital because more distant. Nor is it to be overlooked that Great Britain's increased ascendancy in Europe, and the elimination of German influence as a deterrent, would give her a practical protectorate over Holland and Denmark, whose islands in both the East and West Indies would thus become potentially British territory for all strategic purposes.

Looking at another possibility, this time from the standpoint of a German defeat rather than from the standpoint of a British victory, it can be seen that even that situation would contain elements of possible, and even probable, future interference with American progress. Like the recoil of a gun, Germany's defeat in Europe would react upon the American sphere of influence on this side; and just as the power of the gun's discharge determines the recoil, so the activity of Germany in this hemisphere in defeat would, to a certain degree, increase with the severity of such defeat.

This apparent paradox is cleared up by a forecast of Germany's position in the event of defeat. On the one hand her imperial designs as against Great Britain, France, or Russia would be smothered for a time, and her power to execute them paralyzed. Unable to realize her dream of absorbing Austria-Hungary and overpowering the Balkan States, the *Drang nach Osten* would vanish like a bubble. The plan of erecting a new world-empire upon the ruins of the British Empire would be pigeonholed during the lifetime of Germany's present rulers.

But the German people will not be subjugated, even though Germany's present government should be humiliated. There still will remain in Germany sixty millions of the most clear-headed, strong-willed, industrious, educated, unified, co-operative, and fecund people on the face of the earth. They still will possess all the secrets of human learn-

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ing, all the skill of human hands. Such a people embodies all the making of a great commercial power, and ultimately of a resurrected political power of the first magnitude.

In such circumstance we might anticipate the course of development in this wise. The first step would be to repair losses; for German trade, industry, and credit would be prostrate. This process of reconstruction would take a certain definite, though not protracted, period of time. With the curtailment (either voluntary or by outside compulsion) of military expenditure, a larger amount of both capital and labor would be released for productive effort, which would bring about a restoration of commercial prosperity even though a large indemnity had to be settled.

This industrial and commercial regeneration of Germany, therefore, may be counted upon as a certainty, and within a period of years not greatly exceeding the duration of France's recuperation from the war of 1870. When that process is completed, Germany once more will be a keen competitor in the world's markets—as keen and aggressive commercially as ever, and possibly more so. South American trade then, as hitherto, will be the keynote of her commercial policy.

Thus we shall soon find Germany potentially, and later actually, a political factor in the Western hemisphere. The exact value of this factor cannot be foretold for any given time, or at all. Germany's disposition may be negligible, or amicable, or even co-operative. On the other hand, it may, by some sudden realignment of other powers, flare up into a burning flame of new-born ambition and aggressive policy. It is impossible to foretell, but easy to imagine, just how this might come to pass. It might be through an alliance of Germany with other powers; perhaps through a future defeat of Great Britain by Russia; perhaps by the weakening of the United States through some disaster; possibly by reason of the attitude of the United States, either alone or in combination with other powers. Many causes might be sufficient to remove the barrier which temporarily would obstruct Germany's expansive activity.

In such an outcome, and in fact considerably in advance of it, the strengthening of Germany's political influence and strategic position in her South American sphere would become a cardinal principle in her policy, and probably the first of her new policies to be consciously acted upon. The

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Germanization of South America would go forward steadily and inexorably, peacefully but effectively. Opposed by peoples so weak numerically as the South Americans, and of so little racial vigor, the Teuton could not fail to make rapid progress wherever climatic conditions were favorable. The fecundity of the French in Canada might be equaled or surpassed. And while this process was going on, the acquirement of strategic points in the Caribbean Sea and on the mainland of South America would be as inevitable a feature of German policy as the establishment of banks or the laying of cables. The abject status of Haiti and Santo Domingo would offer both the temptation and the opportunity for such acquisition.

Thus ultimately in defeat, as immediately in victory, we may expect German commercial expansion and its concomitant political pressure to impinge against us in the South. In defeat its progress will be slow, until accelerated by some favorable turn in world politics; in victory it will come like the swoop of the eagle.

It is elementary to point out the necessity of the United States holding, and at all times retaining, absolute military supremacy in the Caribbean. This necessity is not a matter of argument. Assuming that the United States aims to remain the dominant power in this hemisphere, and to be and remain secure from molestation, such necessity is axiomatic. To deny it means nothing short of a voluntary renunciation of that ambition, a voluntary surrender of such security.

With the construction of the Panama Canal, the absolute military control of that entire theater of strategy became an instant and inexorable necessity. Whether viewed in the light of a commercial factor, or as the keystone of our structure of national defense, the Panama Canal is of supreme importance. We might be shorn of half a dozen States and still not be weakened as a world power so much as we should be through the loss of the Panama Canal as a military asset. Its possession being vital, its security is equally so. Therefore at one stride the Caribbean Sea comes into the foreground as one of the world's chief strategic centers.

Obviously the Caribbean basin, almost landlocked by its encircling chain of natural naval strongholds, would be the principal theater of war should we collide with any nation having imperial ambitions in either North, South, or Central America. In existing circumstances the United States with

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a single developed naval base dominates this theater. But this is owing solely to the absence of preparations by any naval power elsewhere in the prospective area of action. Just as easily as Guantánamo now dominates the Caribbean, just so easily might a hostile naval base at Charlotte Amalie or Port Antonio nullify such domination.

With two such hostile bases we could retain our present naval supremacy only by maintaining a mobile naval force of overwhelming strength constantly in those waters. With a triangle or a quadrilateral of such hostile bases, the United States would be eliminated from the Caribbean Sea, and the Panama Canal would become a part of the enemy's defenses —a naval base of incomparable value—the key to empire—the death-warrant of American ambition as a world power.

Such strategic triangles and quadrilaterals are easy to draw. Indeed, it would be easy to trace strong strategic pentagons, hexagons, and octagons. Such naval bases as nature holds out in the harbors of Jamaica, Curaçao, Tobago, St. Lucia, Martinique, Antigua, and St. Thomas, with Belize on the mainland to the west, would make a veritable spider's web of naval control; while Guiana to the southeast, and the Bermudas with their fine harbor far to the northeast, would complete the matchless labyrinth of sea power. Every route of trade to Central America, to either coast of South America, to the entire Pacific, to our own west coast and all our overseas possessions, would be sealed to us in case of war. The Caribbean would be a *mare clausum*, into which we could enter only by sufferance.

In normal circumstances of world politics such a consummation would be almost as remote a contingency as the impact of a comet; but in the present juncture the entire situation as outlined might threaten to materialize at any time. For by a most singular and portentous coincidence, every one of these strategic points, and many others, might fall to Germany as spoils of war, or might fall virtually under the domination of Great Britain if Germany should be eliminated as a world power. From the Bermudas to Curaçao, every island in the sea save three belongs to either Great Britain, France, Holland, or Denmark, while British, French, and Dutch territory in Guiana and Honduras furnish *points d'appui* at the eastern and western extremes of the Caribbean area.

Every consideration of national ambition and self-pres-

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ervation should impel the United States to maintain the *status quo* in this area, and in all continental regions having any direct relationship thereto. This principle, which of necessity must form the keynote of all our foreign policy, might well be officially defined at some opportune time, before its enunciation could have any direct and visible application to any particular foreign power. If we wait until the possibility becomes an actuality, it would be necessary to assert our position with offensive directness.

This policy was foreshadowed by the Lodge resolution of August 2, 1912, which was adopted by an almost unanimous vote of the Senate as follows:

> Resolved, that when any harbor or other place in the American Continent is so situated that the occupation thereof for naval or military purposes might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States, the Government of the United States could not see without grave concern the possession of such harbor or other place by any corporation or association which has such relation to another government, not American, as to give that government practical power of control for national purposes.

This clearly reveals the probable attitude of the United States in any of the several contingencies already referred to; but the statement of this policy ought, at some proper time, to be made broader in scope, as well as more binding and authoritative in form as a declaration on the part of this government. As regards its scope, it could hardly stop short of stating that the transfer of sovereignty over any territory in this hemisphere, otherwise than to the inhabitants thereof or to some existing American nation, would be a matter of concern to the United States.

Such a declaration of policy could not properly be regarded as unfriendly by any nation that did not already contemplate measures inimical to such a policy. If it were received in an unfriendly spirit by any nation, such unfriendliness would only be a premature manifestation of the greater unfriendliness which inevitably would develop later without such a declaration on our part. At this time Germany already has intimated through official channels that she has no political or territorial designs in South America, and Great Britain and Japan have disclaimed any intention to extend Japanese sovereignty in the Pacific Ocean. These nations, therefore, are estopped from questioning the friendliness of a declaration on our part in favor of main-

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taining the existing status of any islands within our sphere of influence. Neither Russia, Austria, nor France could find any reasonable ground for complaint. The declaration at most would contemplate nothing beyond the maintenance of the *status quo*, and not only ought it to be thus limited in its wording, but it should be enunciated at such a time and in such circumstances as would preclude the suspicion of any immediate aggressive designs. The United States has no aggressive designs against any power whatsoever, and such a statement of policy would be uttered in the deepest sincerity and friendliness, as a policy solely of self-protection and of non-interference with other powers.

In this discussion the consequences of German victory have been more fully discussed only because it so happens that German victory might bring about immediate and extensive changes in sovereignty in the Caribbean area. Nevertheless, our policy should not regard any one nation or group of nations, nor any particular period of time. We should look with scarcely less concern upon the transfer of the Dutch and Danish West Indies to Great Britain, unless their acquisition were accompanied by a clear acknowledgment of our special interests, and by a proper abstention on the part of Great Britain from further military or naval developments in that area. We have no reason to question the friendly intentions of any nation; and, on the other hand, we cannot count absolutely upon any power remaining friendly at all times and in all circumstances.

It is not needful, or fruitful, to pursue the indicated American policy further than the point of its definitive enunciation, nor to discuss any alternative course based upon hypothetical answers of other Powers to such an announcement. It is sufficient to say that from this hour no opportunity should be lost to develop our present and prospective naval bases in the Caribbean and Isthmian strategic area, and to maintain our absolute naval supremacy in that area at all times and at all cost. This policy is, and should remain, a policy strictly of self-protection, free from any taint of aggression, of extravagant ambition, offensive pretensions, or covert unfriendliness toward any Power in either Europe or Asia.

STUART H. PERRY.

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IF THIS BE ALL

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

If this be all, and when we die, we die,
Then life is but a wanton, monstrous lie;
  And of the hapless creatures that draw breath,
We, who seem flower and crown, rank far below
The least of living things that does not know
  The dread of loss, the certainty of death.

If pain and sorrow are without a scheme,
Dealt out by chance, then like an evil dream
  Of some dark fiend, this smiling, gracious earth;
If we that hunger, never shall be filled,
The sooner that our empty hearts are stilled,
  The better for them, and their aching dearth.

Yet close, I feel, there wraps us all around,
Some mighty force, some mystery profound,
  And, through my doubts and ignorance, I trust
The power that bound with laws the moon and tide,
And hung the stars in heavenly spaces wide,
  Must, by their witness, be both wise and just.

MILDRED HOWELLS.

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THE GREAT TRADITION—MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

BY FLORENCE LEFTWICH RAVENEL

MARIE DE RABUTIN-CHANTAL, Marquise de Sévigné, has been the subject of a voluminous literature. She never wrote a line for print herself, but as soon as her tireless pen was laid aside, her keen eyes—done at last with their ready smiles and tears—closed upon this world, forthwith collectors, editors, biographers, antiquarians seized upon her as their lawful prey, and from her day even until ours the stream of publication has never entirely failed.

The remotest branches of her family before and after her own time—in Brittany, in Burgundy, in Provence; the details of her daily life in sickness and in health; her friends, her children, her theology, her morals—everything that touched her, however remotely, has turned, it would appear, not to gold, but to ink. One of the very few writers who absolutely did not know how to be dull, she has inspired some of the heaviest and dreariest pages ever penned, and the long list of volumes on most divergent themes, which bear her name upon their title-pages, might suggest to the uninitiated reader of catalogues and publishers' lists that French science and scholarship would have fared very ill in the seventeenth century but for the omnipresent succor of the inexhaustible and apparently omniscient Marquise.

Of course we know very well, on the contrary, that Marie de Rabutin had no more than a ladylike interest in the problems of archæology or medicine, for example, and that her very commonplace cure at Vichy offers no new features to the student of rheumatic gout. If all these many men of many minds have laid greedy hands upon her name and her prestige, to give currency to their own theories and inventions, it is rather—is it not?—that they all find in this woman a certain power of universal appeal, which makes of

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her, in a special sense, a representative of her age, her sex, and her country.

It is asserted by a famous historian that no true and adequate portrait of Julius Cæsar, either written, carved, or painted, has been preserved—or probably ever existed. And the explanation suggested is not that the great man was subtle, secretive, mysterious, beyond the common measure of men, but rather that in him the human and manly qualities were all so evenly developed, so nicely balanced and proportioned, that he was for his contemporaries, and has remained for posterity, rather a type of manhood than an individual man. And such in her smaller scope and degree might have been the lot of Marie de Sévigné. A great Frenchwoman, a great aristocrat, a great writer, a great friend—her individual physiognomy might have remained always a little vague and blurred had not this smooth and shining surface been broken by one blessed imperfection, one saving defect. The mother of Françoise de Grignan, blindly partial, doating, often unreasonable, steps down from her niche high up on the classic stairway, and walks with us the common earth, climbing with painful steps the *via dolorosa* appointed for mothers since time began.

The family of the Rabutin-Chantal was of an old but somewhat obscure nobility, not unmixed with bourgeois stock—a mingling of red blood with blue by no means uncommon even then, and not unimportant, by the way, when we come to take account of Marie's robust virtues and plebeian abhorrence of debt. She was born, an only child and an heiress, in 1626, at her father's town residence in Paris, and her life covers three-fourths of the great century.

For her good or evil fortune she was left an orphan at about six years of age, and at ten was placed formally under the guardianship of her maternal uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, who transferred his young ward to his own home, the Abbey house at Livry—a charming spot deep buried in vines and hidden in tall trees, though but a few miles from Paris. Here pure air, an out-of-door life, and the absence of all undue constraint or excitement made firm the foundations of that soundness of body and mind which were to be not the least precious part of little Marie's dowry. While in the interval the good, if somewhat unclerical abbé, was taking exceedingly good care of his niece's fortune, buying fertile acres, collecting rents, and piling up the

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bright gold *écus* to be reinvested in safe and lucrative enterprises—making her indeed, irrespective of her personal graces, one of the best *parties* in France.

Nor did he forget or neglect the training of her mind, and here, too, whether by chance or intention, the originality of his methods is equaled only by the happiness of their effect. The systematic education of women is not—has never been—in the French tradition, and in the seventeenth century the orthography and punctuation even of queens and princesses made correspondence with them a painful honor; though as such great ladies rarely opened a book themselves, they were not reminded unpleasantly of their own eccentricities of style. But Marie de Rabutin, thanks, perhaps, to her comparatively modest rank, was destined to receive an instruction uncommonly thorough and comprehensive for any period. To dance and sing and make her *révérences* with grace and elegance—all that was a matter of course. It was not without precedent that a girl should read romances and revel in the play; but Ménage and Chapelain, the two pedantic and in some ways rather ridiculous tutors of her uncle's choice, made a far more sweeping innovation when they gave this little lady a Latin so sound and sufficient that Tacitus and Vergil were to her always a satisfaction and delight. They added to that the Italian of Tasso, the Spanish of Lope de Vega, and—another lesson also, more precious than all the rest—into this fresh, vigorous, and open mind they instilled the love of good books.

The well-groomed and disciplined Seventeenth Century Muse could not impart the love of Nature, in our modern sense, and yet in some odd, intuitive, unreasoned fashion Marie de Rabutin was all her life a lover of the woods and streams. The birds sing, the flowers bloom, spring comes and autumn passes, visibly and audibly, in many of her letters written from Livry, and I am persuaded that the oldest and tallest of the trees that arch the straight avenues at Les Rochers must still be mindful of her once familiar presence as she moved to and fro in their shadow, in joy or sorrow, under sun or moonlight, finding unconsciously in the serene beauty of these mute, insensate things something of that consolation and relief that were to lie unuttered for another hundred years. And as for friendship—to her who had already so rich a portion was added this also, a sincere and cordial liking for her fellow-men. Marie

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de Rabutin's interest in men and women, high and low, great and small, never failed; while for her friends her love was a treasure-house indeed, inexhaustible in faith and patience, loyalty and service, through sickness and health, through good and especially through evil report.

Surely never had teachers and guardian a richer and more fertile soil, nor did any reap a fuller and easier harvest from their wise and thrifty planting. By what strange and perverse misfortune was it, then, that all their tact, all their foresight and wisdom, deserted these zealous and well-meaning counselors when a few years later the question of her marriage arose? Here at least must be inscribed a signal and quite undisputed failure of the old régime. With a wide range of choice and every advantage of youth, beauty, and fortune, the prize fell promptly and without protest to Henri, Marquis of Sévigné. Handsome, light-hearted, and fascinating, and of rank higher than her own, this young man might well have charmed the young girl's fancy had she been free to follow her own will; but he had all the faults of his age and position, without even the countervailing grace of a hearty affection for his bride. "He loved often and indiscriminately," writes Marie's sharp-tongued cousin Bussy, "but never by any chance any one so lovable as his wife." And—a worse sin against her from a contemporary standpoint—he wasted her substance in riotous living.

Of the Sévignés' married life we hear little—surprisingly little when we recall how much we know of the wife's later career. But in these eight unrecorded years something very important happened to Marie de Sévigné—there were born to her a daughter and a son. The son, Charles, at Les Rochers, the Sévigné home in Brittany; the daughter, Françoise Marguerite, a year or two earlier, though, oddly enough, neither the place nor the date of this capital event has ever been ascertained. And then in 1651, just in time, perhaps, to rescue his image from complete defacement in his wife's memory, the Marquis of Sévigné was killed—in a duel—and in a quarrel as trivial and fantastic as his whole career. Peace to his ashes! He was a poor, slight creature. A figure of too gallant an outside, perhaps, to be quite disdained, and too unsubstantial to arouse our wrath, he had yet brought to his wife the deepest and sweetest experiences of life. He left her embar-

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rassed, indeed, in fortune, so that years of retrenchment and economy and infinite calculations on the part of the good old Abbé were needed to rebuild her inheritance, but rich in the treasures of maternal love which was thereafter to absorb all the energies of her soul. Moreover, her resolve not to replace him—to run no further risks with the life and the fortune to which her children had now the strongest claim—this decision, so widely canvassed in her day, was promptly and cheerfully taken, and adhered to without serious violence to her feelings or desires. For this woman's nature, so variously and bounteously endowed, was not without its arctic zone—a region where the sun might glisten with illusory brightness sometimes, but the ice never melted, even under the fierce ardors of besieging suitors' attacks. And perhaps, after all, there was the sting of truth in Bussy's malicious gibes when he insinuated that his cousin's irreproachable conduct and spotless reputation would have been more admirable still had they not been made unduly easy by a sluggish temperament and a cold heart. But this was a hard saying, and Bussy had to take it back on his knees.

Bussy, no doubt, was jealous as well as spiteful, for both as wife and widow Marie de Rabutin had many adorers—Bussy himself, of course, Cardinal Retz, the Chancellor Fouquet, the great Turenne, and other famous names besides, concerning whom I am fain to conclude, after mature reflection, that she was nevertheless better free of them all. The love they offered her—so casually lavish—was not worth even one of her ready tears. And so, the treasure of her heart, love and tears beyond counting, was reserved for Françoise; for, from the first, Mme. de Sévigné discriminated between her children. She made apparently no effort after maternal impartiality, and the usual rôles of son and daughter seem here to have been oddly reversed. Charles was a delightful fellow, of an infinite tact and delicacy, and firmly convinced of his haughty sister's better right to all the good things of life—including their mother's love. In health he was a genial, spirited, most entertaining companion, with a love of books as strong as hers, and a critical judgment far more invariably right; in sickness a skilful, devoted, and sympathetic nurse. And yet his mother (who perhaps knew him better than we, after all) had always a difficulty in taking him seriously in any relation. Even his

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dissipation, his many light loves, cannot be said to have troubled her peace of mind half so much as the fading roses on her daughter's cheek, or the uncertain, often receding, date of her return to Paris. When the young man's health gave way—a result, in part, of the hardships and exposures of his military campaigns, but largely also of the life of disorder he had lived, Mme. de Sévigné was grieved, anxious, affectionate, but always with a sort of ironical detachment, a half-indulgent disdain, very, *very* different from the passion of whole-hearted tenderness which met and responded to every change of mood in her idolized, too often unresponsive Françoise. It was the age of absolute monarchy, and this daughter reigned to the end with undisputed sway over her mother's heart and life.

Matre pulchra filia pulchrior, as she was, Françoise de Sévigné's first formal *révérence* at St.-Germain was followed by all sorts of brilliant fêtes, masques, and ballets in which her rôle both as beauty and as accomplished dancer was conspicuous and flattering. It was a youthful court and had not yet lost its spontaneous gaiety and lightness of heart; corrupt already, no doubt, but far less callous and stereotyped in its sins than it was afterward to become. Louis himself was but twenty-three, and recently married to a queen younger still, toward whom he maintained as yet all the forms of gallant devotion; while for another, fairer still, he reserved his sincerer and tenderer observances. The lovely Louise de la Valière was not yet officially the King's mistress, and the little haze of romance that still lingered, we are told, around the royal wooing gave a certain morning charm—almost like that of innocence, to all their elaborate merrymakings—a sort of carnival of youth and love and joy, offered by the lover to his beloved.

Ah! in 1660 it was worth while to be young and noble, worth while even being packed into most insufficient and comfortless quarters in the old yet unmodernized palace of Versailles! For in those days Molière was directing the production of his own plays and Lulli presiding over the musical interludes and ballets; and—who knows?—it might have been the incomparable good fortune of some of us to assist on one of these glorious evenings with the other exalted guests at the first performance of "Tartuffe"! To Mme. de Sévigné, as to thousands of other French men and

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women, this might well seem the crowning moment of all time, and she may be excused, I think, for a certain motherly pride and exultation—keener and more naïve in her, we may be sure, than any emotion which stirred the tranquil breast of Françoise—to find her idolized daughter of this most brilliant group.

But despite her brilliant beauty and substantial *dot,* Mlle. de Sévigné was but little sought in marriage. Two or three candidates, possible if not brilliant, must be rejected, and when the Count de Grignan—twice a widower and by no means a youthful Adonis—at last presented himself, one cannot resist the impression that mother and daughter held out welcoming hands to him as to a deliverer. Mlle. de Sévigné was handsome, she was even beautiful, no doubt, but of that inward grace of which beauty, to be effective, to be really successful, indeed, must be but the outward and visible sign—of that magical quality which we call charm—this daughter of the most charming of women had not a trace.

Her marriage was showy rather than safe, after all, for de Grignan, though of a distinguished family, was not rich, and his fortune was subject to the exorbitant demands of his official position as Lieutenant-Governor of Languedoc, as well as to his own love of display. But mother and daughter were prepared to make the best of his situation as of himself, and exert all their influence to secure for him a promotion in the form of some office at court. His actual appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Provence, with the duty of residing in his province, was not made public till some time after the marriage, and to the elder woman at least was an overwhelming blow. There was no help for it—the parting of the ways was at hand. Eighteen months had elapsed, meanwhile, and it was not until after the birth of her first daughter, unwelcome, unloved little Marie Blanche, that Mme. de Grignan, with mingled feelings, no doubt, compounded of relief at escaping from her mother's too watchful, too absorbing and demonstrative love and care, and a certain vague remorse and regret at leaving that mother disconsolate—actually set out to follow her husband to their distant home.

And now at forty-five, the great active occupation and interest of her life consummated and done with, Mme. de Sévigné's career may be said to begin. Of course, she was

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no novice in letter-writing—her long, if irregular, intercourse with Bussy, her letters to her cousins, the Coulanges, to Mme. de Lafayette, and to others also show her already in full possession of her talent. But these letters, these correspondents, were, all except Bussy, episodic and by the way; not till she lost her idol did the need of self-expression become urgent. Henceforth, and for twenty-five years, with the intervals of her visits to the Grignans and their sojourn in Paris, the tide of mother love and longing set steadily toward the arid, wind-swept plains of Provence and the stern and stately halls which sheltered and imprisoned her Countess, together with all the patriarchal tribe of Grignans, small and great.

The woman revealed—one might almost say, exposed to us—in these letters was not, was never supposed to be, a candidate for sainthood. Perhaps the only great quality which she possessed in common with the most eminent saints—St. Teresa, for example, and St. Francis—was her broad and tolerant humor with its accompanying capacity to adapt herself to all sorts of people and situations, and to make the best of that irrepressible human nature—of which, by the way, neither she nor the saints had too high an opinion. But all manner of follies and frailties linger in this buoyant and many-sided nature. Hers, for example, the cheerful hardness of heart, the serene disregard of all classes except her own, which made the lot of the noble under the old régime so comfortable and so perilous. Of all *classes,* I say, for in her relation to individuals, servants, dependants, inferiors, even animals, she seems to have been indulgent and kind to the point of soft-heartedness, and it is certain from many allusions that she was well loved and faithfully served all her life. In all feminine arts and wiles, moreover, long since denied and disavowed, if not entirely renounced, by the modern woman, Mme. de Sévigné is quite openly and joyously expert. Witness, for example, her frequent epistolary skirmishes with Bussy, whom, undoubtedly, she irritated and provoked with a zest only less keen than her pleasure in the ensuing reconciliation. She is indeed an adept in the flatterer's art, though she practises it not upon the hostile or indifferent, but only upon those whom she loves well enough to make the effort to please worth while. And if she lacks sometimes the charity that thinketh—and speaketh—no evil, it is impossible to treat

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with rigor a failing to which are due such pen-pictures as those of Mlle. du Plessis and the fine ladies of Vitré and all the rest of the portrait-gallery made immortal by her delicious mockery. And, in further attenuation, it must be said that the evil she imputes is never of her own invention. "I hate and detest false news" is her frequent asseveration, and far more uniformly than any other writer of letters, memoirs, or journal of her day, Mme. de Sévigné looked at the life around her with the clear, sane, steady eyes of a sympathetic contemporary—penetrating but without rancor, and without personal ends to warp her judgment.

It is, perhaps, after all, her *esprit gaulois* that puts the severest strain upon the taste of a fastidious generation—and especially of its feminine half. It is futile to deny or belittle this vein. Mme. de Sévigné, like Bussy, like Molière and Lafontaine, dearly loved a *risqué* anecdote, a broad and salacious jest. I doubt if even her most scientific modern editors would venture upon an unexpurgated edition of her works for popular use. But—again by way of apology—hers was an age of incredible freedom of expression. The Hôtel de Rambouillet had done much toward refining both manners and language, but the familiar speech among the highest class, like the stairways and corridors of their noblest palaces, still harbored many an unclean thing. And those Rabelaisian episodes (few and brief, after all) which drop sometimes from her pen, won uproarious applause from her contemporaries and the easy pardon of even her modern French critics—the serious, low-spirited modern Gaul having yet this trait in common with his fathers. And, above all and through all, she is always interesting because she is always *alive*. This dead-and-gone old world of hers springs to life under her touch as infallibly as the young grass follows the drawing of the April sun. She has often to speak of commonplace, even sordid matters, in veiled and cryptic phrases, and of people, events, and things to modern ears remote and strange. She must even sometimes repeat the same tale to different correspondents; yet we follow on—puzzled, often disappointed, and sometimes even shocked; but never, *never* bored.

In this letter, for example, she overflows in complaint and lamentation over the slowness and uncertainty of the post—

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her own intolerable anguish and suspense in waiting for news from Provence, and though we are assured of the result, yet we read on, conscious each time of a thrill of relief when we hear that the letters have arrived, the wished-for tidings been received. We are watching, too, as eagerly almost as poor homesick Françoise from her castle towers at Grignan for the gleam of some precious nugget of court news—the latest exploit, perhaps, of the King's ponderous, slow-moving armies, which, for all their splendid feats of individual daring and heroic leadership, seem yet to belong in many of their methods to the same school of warfare as the siege of Troy. Or, again, she flashes before the watcher's eager eye some delicate vignette after Watteau or Boucher; an intimate scene, perhaps, from royal antechamber or boudoir, or a tragi-comic episode from banquet-hall or ballroom, where the King, in the glory of brocade, jeweled buckles, and curled wig, offers his hand for the minuet to some lovely nymph whose coming greatness is reflected in his ardent eyes as well as in the ill-disguised chagrin of the reigning favorite and her unofficial court.

And so the years go by, the leaves are turned, one volume takes the place of another. It is no longer the young King nor the young court. There are pages of this chronicle that are like a solemn roll-call of the dead—Turenne, the Great Condé, Cardinal Retz, La Rochefoucauld, Mme. de Lafayette—and for one and all she has a fitting word, of farewell, of praise, of judgment, perhaps only of dismissal from this scene of their earthly triumph or defeat to that other tribunal where neither power nor rank, beauty nor influence, can avail or profit any more. And at the end—the last leaf turned, the last volume laid aside—having read, in all likelihood, the last lines Marie de Rabutin ever wrote, suddenly one comes to himself, as it were, with a start, realizing that he has so lived in her life that when at last she is gone he has grown old and wise with her years and her wisdom, and this world of her experience has become as real and vital and far more interesting than his own.

In 1690, her debts paid, her affairs in order at last, Mme. de Sévigné found herself free to follow her own desires. The last six years of her life were spent in closest companionship with her daughter and the young Pauline de Grignan, and in a happiness as complete as her vivid imagi-

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nation, her anxious and tender heart, were capable of enjoying on earth. Little rubs there were still, no doubt, in their daily intercourse. Françoise was still herself, and it was not in her arid nature fully to satisfy her mother's absorbing love. Still, these years together, both in Provence and in Paris, were surely the best that life had to offer them both. With the lapse of time, too, it is easy to discern that both have changed; the daughter growing gentler, more considerate, with a clearer understanding of this great affection that from her birth had enwrapped her like an atmosphere—like an atmosphere, too, was subject to alternations of cloud and sunshine. And the mother, who could not be more loving, seems to have made a study of moderation and self-restraint. You see the years were passing over them both and they had both known sorrow, disappointment, and ingratitude.

The truth seems to be that none of the Sévignés were good courtiers. Charles retired at an early age from the court and from the service, where, more or less by his own fault, promotion was for him clearly unattainable. He married a young girl of Brittany who had never been beyond her province, and settled himself at Les Rochers to lead the life of a cultivated, unambitious country gentleman. Mme. de Sévigné herself was always well received at court, where she made periodic appearances and had many warm admirers. But she was openly and consistently faithful always to old friends, even those marked with the stigma of royal displeasure, and—worse yet!—she was never able to regard with becoming seriousness the long line of court beauties who succeeded one another so swiftly in the King's favor. She actually allowed herself occasionally a jest at their expense, discreet but unmistakable, and if certain of her letters were opened and read by the police (as she sometimes suggests that they were) the persistent ill luck of herself and her children may perhaps be partially explained.

Something of the sadness, a little also of the peace and detachment of age, are upon this woman. In the later volumes of letters she speaks often of death and of those last things of whose verity and supreme importance no doubt seems ever to have crossed her mind, though she remained to the end of her life (she never could quite understand why) a sincere but only moderately devout Christian and Catholic. The austerity of Mme. de Lafayette's later

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years were to Mme. de Sévigné admirable—worthy of all emulation—but quite beyond the range of her sober common sense, as of her tenacious affections, still firmly anchored to the earth. It was but fitting, then, that her last days should be spent at Grignan, honored, cherished, beloved almost to her heart's content. It was fitting also that she should die and be buried there, and it really matters little that the nature of her last illness is still uncertain, or even that Mme. de Grignan, herself dangerously ill, should have been absent from her dying bed. Mother and daughter understood each other fully at last, and certainly one could do no greater despite to this great maternal spirit than by ascribing to her beloved daughter petty motives, unworthy fears, cowardly scruples in this great and final emergency. Mme. de Grignan was always a great lady, and *noblesse oblige.*

Among so many fallen or tottering literary idols, it is pleasant to find Mme. de Sévigné's fame quite solid and intact after more than two hundred years; as a writer of familiar letters she still holds the first place. More unstudied, vivid, and picturesque than Cicero, her only rival among the ancients, she is more convincingly sincere than Voltaire, and as much more interesting than the charming but unfortunate Cowper, as the France of Louis XIV. is more interesting than the England of George III. Few and obscure, then, are the French critics or historians of literature who have not felt it due to their own glory, if not to hers, to attempt some sort of appreciation of Mme. de Sévigné's personality and talent. And yet, from her contemporary, Bussy, the cocksure, to the cordial but slightly condescending Ste.-Beuve and the dogmatic M. Faguet—not one of them, to my mind, has achieved a characterization entirely adequate and satisfying. Intensely of her own time, she is almost equally of ours, not only in her literary style, but in her thoughts and feelings, her attitude toward life, even to the little fads and fancies which make so large a part of civilized woman's world; and concerning this unequaled *modernness* of Mme. de Sévigné, the last word, I am persuaded, is yet to speak. Truly all the ends of the earth were come upon this woman. She stood at the very heart and center of the civilized world, and before her eyes the pageant of humanity in little unrolled itself day

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by day, while by a happy gift of Destiny she had in herself the seeing eye, the understanding mind, the loving heart. Here are the two significant factors: the extraordinarily interesting and stimulating society in which she lived and her own sensitive, impressionable, expansive nature wherewith to see, feel, and reflect the experience of every-day living.

The French language of her day, moreover, already so much subtler, more polished and delicate than any contemporary tongue, offered her an instrument admirably fitted to her use, and in the traditions and standards of the classic period forming around her she found an ideal of both form and substance—a mold, in other words, which restrained and fortified her flexible, exuberant genius. It is more than doubtful whether in any other language, or even in France at any other time, a correspondence so voluminous, so unstudied, so intimate as hers could have possessed both the high literary quality and the human charm and interest which make Mme. de Sévigné's letters perennially fresh and young. And finally the outward stimulus was not lacking. The creature she loved best in the world, intercourse with whom was to her the very breath of life, was withdrawn from her by a distance of five hundred miles. Henceforth into her letters to her daughter Mme. de Sévigné wrote *herself*.

And this habit of complete self-expression and expansion —of thinking, feeling, and *living* on paper—grew, no doubt, by long indulgence, as did also that unfailing sense of form, the infinite variety of phrase, the freedom and flexibility of movement, and the marvelous verbal felicity which must always be the despair of her imitators. And sometimes when this light and facile pen of hers encounters a great theme—some tragic history of death, defeat, dishonor—suddenly in the grasp of a great emotion her period swells like that of Bossuet into a solemn, majestic funeral chant; or with La Bruyère, her irony, light and swift and deadly, searches the heart of hypocrisy, servility, and greed. Not often, though, this latter strain. Very rarely do the mystery and mockery of life disturb her naïve and womanly faith and wring from her such a cry from the depths as this: "You ask me, my dear child, if I still cling to life, and I must own to you that in spite of all the fiery trials through which we must pass here, I still find myself un-

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reconciled to death. I deem myself so wretched to be forced to conclude the one experience by the other, that I suppose if I could go back and begin life again, I should be glad of the chance. I am launched upon an enterprise which I know not how to conduct, embarked upon life without my own consent, and yet, though I know I must soon make an end of it all, that very knowledge cuts me to the heart. What, after all, will my end be? By what door shall I go out? Shall I suffer a thousand dreadful pains, so that my last hours shall be dark with despair? How shall I stand before God? What shall I have to show Him? Shall I wait for the hour of terror, or my utmost need, before I draw nigh to my Maker? . . . What have I to hope? What to fear? Am I worthy of heaven? Have I deserved hell? Indeed, death appears to me so dreadful that I cry out against life, rather that it is the road toward death than because of the terrors with which it is strewn."

Here, at least, is no shallow optimism, no careless and frivolous spirit. This woman did not ignore the great gulf that yawned beside her narrow road. Only it was in her happy temper to look longest and most often at the flowers that grew along the margin of the abyss, at the sunshine that gilded the sharp-edged rocks—above all, at the men and women who, coming by many devious ways and on many different errands, all found themselves at last on the same highway, bound toward the same inevitable end.

And so it would appear that those dry-as-dust scholars, doctors, and antiquarians were not without a fair share of astuteness and worldly wisdom when, borrowing Marie de Sévigné's name and prestige, they gave, at least for the moment, a certain savor to their musty treatises and monographs. Her real connection with their subjects might be remote indeed, but her name, written across their title-pages, does sometimes, like a golden Bible text prefacing the sermon of a dull preacher, put life into those sluggish brains and tip their leaden pens with fire.

Two hundred years! It is a long perspective—long enough to dispel all glamour and leave the critic's gaze quite keen and cold. If Mme. de Sévigné does still withstand the ordeal of modern criticism and analysis, it must be, I think, because her work—one and indivisible in spite of its variety—is at the same time in complete harmony with herself.

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For in its essentials human nature changes little from age to age; it is only the fashion of this world that passeth away. Mme. de Sévigné's letters are simply the fullest, most spontaneous, and inevitable expression of her beautiful and beneficent nature.

For the most part the story of human achievement is written in blood and tears. It is a record of conflict—of difficult self-mastery and resolute repression and subordination of competing motives and impulses in the path of the ruling passion or purpose. Often the complete evolution of the special faculty or talent has implied the maiming of the human creature who has plucked out the right eye, cut off the right hand, in the process. But in Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, we are invited, it would seem, to contemplate an exception to this rule. Her talent flowered in an age and a civilization to all intents as remote from ours as those of Greece, and yet her work remains a legacy of joy to many generations, blooming with undimmed luster, across the centuries. A legacy of joy, and perhaps a parable also, in which, if she interpret it aright, may lie a hint of admonition to our strenuous modern woman, with her elaborate programme of work and play, her too insistent claim for recognition, her slightly strident protest against the injustice and indifference of mankind.

To Marie de Rabutin, at least, literary excellence, literary glory, came not as the reward of painful effort, of laborious days and sleepless nights. She simply lived; and all the years that ripened and sweetened and deepened her nature and enriched her experience did, by the same mysterious process, develop her powers of expression. Her gifts of insight and sympathy, of humor and emotion, grew ever toward a completeness in which the woman's personality and her genius were blended into a harmonious whole as inseparable as the color and fragrance of the lilies of the field. And these, it is said, toil not, neither do they spin, yet they unfold into a perfectness of beauty to which even Solomon in all his glory could not attain.

FLORENCE LEFTWICH RAVENEL.

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THE WORKMANSHIP OF "MACBETH"—II

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

I

In my previous essay I discussed the essential meaning of Witchcraft; which subscribes to a total perversion of moral order, accepting evil for its good, Satan for its God. We of a later age may find this perversion frantic when put into practice by monarchs and statesmen, a vapid imposture when professed by ignorant old women: and the old women no longer terrify us. Civilized men have made *that* advance. But we still listen to philosophers who preach the infernal doctrine, wearing beards—

> You should be women,
> And yet your beards forbid us to interpret
> That you are so.

"You see, my friend," says Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, "there is nothing so ridiculous that has not at some time been said by some philosopher." Nor can a generation which has lived from the Ems telegram to 1914 and played meanwhile with the variously infamous writings of Nietzsche, Nordau, Bernhardi, maintain that the dream of winning all things by substituting evil for good has lost all power to hallucinate the intellect, even the strong intellect.

At any rate, the mass of Elizabethans, for whom Shakespeare wrote, firmly believed that old women could subscribe to this devil's doctrine, and could impress it upon their betters; and no one who has studied (or felt) the subtle whisperings of superstition will doubt that, of the audience in the Globe Theater, a majority even of those few who scoffed at witchcraft would be haunted by a fear that, after all, "there might be something in it," as we say.

So let us return to the *Chronicle* from which Shakespeare

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drew his story. Holinshed relates that Macbeth and Banquo "went sporting by the way together, without any companies save only themselves, passing the roades and fieldes, when sodenly, in the middes of a launde, there met them 3 women in strange and ferly apparell, resembling creatures of an elder world"; and he adds that by common opinion these women "were eyther the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) ye Goddesses of destinee, or else some Nimphes or Faeries."

Now here (I make bold to say) is a passage upon which any man skilled in imaginative writing would seize by instinct and at once. But there is no need to labor the point that Shakespeare would *probably* have seized on it; since we know that, in fact, he did.

None the less it may be worth while suggesting how the mind of a practical dramatist would operate. Let me guess, therefore, that his mind would work somewhat in this way. He would say to himself, "I have to handle a murder; which is, by its nature, a deed of darkness. Here to my hand is a passage which—whether I can find or not in it the motive of my drama—already drapes it in the supernatural, and so in mystery—which is next door to darkness."

II

Let us remind ourselves how constantly Shakespeare uses darkness to aid the effect of his tragedies upon the spectator. In "Romeo and Juliet," his first, the tragic action really starts under a moonlit balcony and ends in a vaulted tomb. Of the four tragedies by general consent preferred as greatest, "Hamlet" opens on the dark battlements of Elsinore, with a colloquy in whispers, such as night constrains, between sentinels who report a ghost visiting their watch; "Othello" opens with the mutter of voices in a dark street, and ends by a bedside lit by one candle; the total impression of Lear is of a dark heath upon which three or four men wander blindly, lit only at intervals by flashes from the dark elements; and the physical blindness of Kent (the one morally sane character in the piece) enhances our sense of impotent moral groping. On "Macbeth" I cannot do better than quote Dr. Bradley:

> Darkness, we may even say blackness, broods over this tragedy. It is remarkable that almost all the scenes which at once recur to the memory take place either at night or in some dark spot. The vision of the dagger, the

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murder of Duncan, the murder of Banquo, the sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth, all come in night-scenes. The witches dance in the thick air of a storm, or "black and midnight hags" receive Macbeth in a cavern. The blackness of night is to the hero a thing of fear, even of horror; and that which he feels becomes the spirit of the play. The faint glimmerings of the western sky at twilight are here menacing: it is the hour when the traveler hastens to reach safety in his inn, and when Banquo rides homeward to meet his assassins: the hour when "light thickens," when "night's black agents to their prey do rouse," when the wolf begins to howl, and the owl to scream, and withered murder steals forth to his work. Macbeth bids the stars hide their fires that his "black" desires may be concealed; Lady Macbeth calls on thick night to come, palled in the dunnest smoke of hell. The moon is down and no stars shine when Banquo, dreading the dreams of the coming night, goes unwillingly to bed, and leaves Macbeth to wait for the summons of the little bell. When the next day should dawn, its light is "strangled" and "darkness does the face of earth entomb." In the whole drama the sun seems to shine only twice: first, in the beautiful but ironical passage where Duncan sees the swallows flitting round the castle of death; and afterwards, when at the close the avenging army gathers to rid the earth of its shame. Of the many slighter touches which deepen this effect I notice only one. The failure of nature in Lady Macbeth is marked by her fear of darkness; "she has light by her continually." And in the one phrase of fear that escapes her lips even in sleep, it is of the darkness of the place of torment that she speaks."

"Hell is murky." Yes, and upon the crucial test of the guilty king's soul in "Hamlet"—the play-scene—what is the cry?

KING: Give me some light—away!
ALL: Lights, lights, lights!

What, again, is the scene that gives quality to "Julius Cæsar" but the brooding night in Brutus's garden? What, again (to go back among the plays), retrieves "The Merchant of Venice" from tragedy—from the surcharged air of the trial scene—to comedy but the Fifth Act, with placid night shimmering toward dawn, and the birds starting to sing in the shrubberies as Portia, mistress of the house and the play, says in four words what concludes all—

"It is almost morning."

It may well be that Shakespeare, as a stage-manager, had means of employing darkness at will, say by a curtain pulled overhead across the auditorium, or part of it. If he had not (and the first account of the play by a spectator is by one Dr. Forman, an astrologist, who paid for his seat in the Globe on Saturday, April 20th, 1610—that is, at a time of year when the sky over the theater would be day-lit),

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I frankly confess my ignorance of how it was managed. But that Shakespeare saw the play in darkness, no one who has studied it can have any doubt at all.

He *saw* the whole thing in darkness, or at best in the murk light of the Scottish highlands. He saw it (as the play proves) a thing of night. Now, always and everlastingly, among men, as day typifies sight and sanity, night typifies blindness and evil. In the night-time murder stalks, witches ride; men doubt of God in their dreams—doubt even, lying awake—and wait for dawn to bring reassurance.

In darkness—in a horror of darkness only—can one mistake and follow evil for good.

III

So, as I reason, Shakespeare saw his chance. I am weary of commentators who dispute whether his witches were real witches or fates, or what-not. Schiller, as we know, adapted "Macbeth"; and Schiller was a poet; but Schiller was no Shakespeare, and by philosophizing Shakespeare's witches, as by other means, he produced a "Macbeth" remarkably unlike Shakespeare's "Macbeth." When he came to the knocking at the gate, Schiller omitted the Porter—in deference (I believe) to the genteel taste of his age—and substituted a Watchman, with a song to the rising dawn; and a charming song, too, with the one drawback that it ruins the great dramatic moment of the play. Schlegel rates Schiller roundly for his witches; and Gervinus says that Schlegel's censure is not a whit too harsh. But Schlegel proceeds to evolve out of his inner consciousness a new kind of witch of his own; whereupon starts up Gervinus, and says that Schlegel "gives throughout an opposite idea of Shakespeare's meaning"; and forthwith proceeds in his turn to evolve *his* camel, having started off with the observation that "the poet, in the actual text of the play, calls these beings *witches* only derogatorily: they call themselves *weird sisters.*" Profoundly true!—and has any one, by the way, ever known a usurer who called himself a usurer? or a pandar who called himself a pandar? or a swindler who called himself anything but "a victim of circumstances"? A few days ago, some enterprising firm sent me a letter which began (as I thought with gratuitous abruptness), "We are not money-lenders"—and went on to suggest that if, however, I should need "temporary financial ac-

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commodation," they were prepared to advance any sum between £5 and £50,000.

As everybody knows who has studied the etiquette of traffic with Satan, it is the rule never to mention the real name. If Professor Gervinus had never, to ponder it, studied the tale of *Rumpelstiltzkin*, he might at any rate have remembered the answer given to Macbeth's salutation and the answer in Act IV, Scene 1:

MACBETH: How now, you secret, black and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
ALL: A deed without a name.

And if the deed be nameless, why not the doer? But when a lady wears a beard on her chin, and sails to Aleppo in a sieve, and sits at midnight boiling a *ragoût* of poisoned entrails, newt's eye, frog's toe, liver of blaspheming Jew, nose of Turk and Tartar's lips, finger of birth-strangled babe, to make a gruel thick and slab for a charm of powerful trouble—if any one insist on my giving that lady a name, I am content with that printed in the stage-direction, and to call her "witch."

But if these philosophizing critics would leave their talk about Northern Fates, Nores, Valkyries—beings of which it is even possible that, save for the hint in Holinshed, Shakespeare had never heard, and certain that not one in ten of the Globe audience had ever heard—and would turn their learned attention to what Shakespeare as a workman *had to do*, could they miss seeing that a part of his very secret of success lay in leaving these creatures vague, the full extent of their influence dreadfully indeterminate? Coleridge on this, as not seldom, has the right word:

> The Weird Sisters are as true a creation of Shakespeare's as his Ariel and Caliban—fates, furies, and materializing witches being the *elements*. They are wholly different from any representation of witches in the contemporary writers, and yet presented a sufficient external resemblance to the creatures of vulgar prejudice to act immediately on the audience. Their character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; they are the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature—elemental avengers without sex or kin.
>
> Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
> Hover through the fog and filthy air.

I will put it in another way. Suppose that Shakespeare as a workman had never improved on what Marlowe taught. Suppose, having to make Macbeth choose evil for good, he

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had introduced Satan, definite, incarnate, as Marlowe did: suppose he had made the man assign his soul, by deed of gift, on a piece of parchment and sign it with his blood, as Marlowe made Faustus do. What sort of play would "Macbeth" be?

But we know, and Shakespeare has helped to teach us, that the very soul of horror lies in the vague, the impalpable: that nothing in the world or out of it can so daunt and cow us as the dread of *we know not what.* Of darkness, again—of such darkness as this tragedy is cast in—that its menace lies in *suggestion* of the hooded eye watching us, the hand feeling to clutch us by the hair. No, Shakespeare knew what he was about when he left his witches vague.

Can we not see that very vagueness operating on Macbeth's soul? For a certainty, standing near in succession to the throne, he has (before ever the action begins) let his mind run on his chances. We need not say, with Coleridge, that "he who wishes a temporal end for itself does in truth will the means," but at least Macbeth has let his mind toy with the means. He has been on the stage scarce two minutes when, at the Third Witch's salutation—"All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!"—he starts, "betrayed by what is false within." Says Banquo:

> Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
> Things that do sound so fair?

If we read and ponder Macbeth's letter to his wife: if we read and ponder what they say—and *omit* to say—when she greets his return, we see beyond shadow of doubt that certain things are understood between them. They had talked of the chance, even if, until this moment, they had forborne to speak of the way of it. These are things which, until the necessary moment arrives—the moment that summons action, now or never—cannot be uttered aloud, even between husband and wife.

Let us pause here, on the brink of the deed, and summarize:

(1) Shakespeare, as artificer of this play, meant the Witches with their suggestions to be of capital importance.

(2) Shakespeare, as a workman, purposely left vague the extent of their influence; purposely left vague the proportions their influence and Macbeth's own guilty promptings,

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his own acceptance of the hallucination, contribute to persuade him; vague as the penumbra about him in which—for he is a man of imagination—he sees that visionary dagger. For (let us remember) it is not on Macbeth alone that this horrible dubiety has to be produced; but on us also, seated in the audience. We see what he does not, and yearn to warn him; but we also see what he sees—Banquo's ghost, for example—and understand why he doubts.

(3) As witchcraft implies a direct reversal of the moral order, so the sight and remembrance of the witches, with the strange fulfilment of the Second Witch's prophecy, constantly impose the hallucination upon him—"Fair is foul, and foul is fair." "Evil, be thou my good."

And now mark the daring of the great workman. So far he has carefully piled up shadows, doubts, darkness, half-meanings upon the distraught mind of Macbeth. Suddenly he confronts him with a will that has no doubts at all, but is all for evil: this in his wife, his "dearest partner of greatness." She, poor soul, is to suffer hereafter; but for the moment she sees the way—which is the evil way—with absolute conviction. May I, without undue levity, illustrate her clearness of purpose by this comparison?

DEAREST EMMA [wrote a young lady], you will congratulate me when I tell you that Papa has this morning been offered the Bishopric of ——. It was quite unexpected. He is even now in the library, asking for guidance. Dear Mamma is up-stairs, packing.

IV

So before the First Act closes—for actually, though our reluctant horror drags upon it, the action moves with a curious rapidity—the hallucination is established, the scene is set, and we behold this man and this woman groping to certain doom. So cunningly has Shakespeare, to heighten our interest in these, flattened down the other figures in the drama that none of them (if you will think of it) really matters to us. Duncan's murder matters, but not Duncan. He sleeps, and anon after life's fitful fever he is to sleep well; but the only fever *we* feel burns or shivers in that tremendous pair. The thick walls of Inverness Castle fence in the stealthy, damnable work. The gate is closed, barred. Around and outside broods darkness, yet even this is aware of something monstrous at work within. An owl screams: "there's husbandry in heaven": the stars, "as troubled

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by man's act," dare but peer through it as through slits in a covering blanket; in the stables the horses catch a panic and gnaw one another's flesh in their madness. For within, up the stair, past the snoring grooms, a murderer creeps to his deed, a woman prompting. In part, no doubt—mostly, if you will—themselves have betrayed themselves; but the powers of evil have their way and reign in that horrible house.

So! and so—when it is done—as Lady Macbeth takes the dagger and Macbeth still stares at his bloody hands, the hour strikes, and the word is spoken.

What word? It is the critical word of the drama; and yet no voice utters it. As befits the inhuman, impalpable, inclosing darkness, it is no articulate word at all. What is it?

It is this: *Knock! knock! knock! knock!*

A knocking at the gate—but *who* knocks? Can we suppose it is Macduff or Lennox, or any silly actor in a highland kilt? Who cares more than a farthing for Macduff? Who cares even less than a farthing for Lennox?

Then *who* is it—or, shall we say, *what* is it—stands without, on the other side of the gate, in the breaking dawn, clamoring to be admitted? What hand is on the hammer? Whose step on the threshold?

It is, if we will, God. It is, if we will, the Moral Order. It is, whatever be our religion, that which holds humankind together by law of sanity and righteousness. It is all that these two have outraged. It is daylight, revealing things as they are and evil different from good. It is—whatever you will, it is the tread of vengeance—*pede claudo,* the knock that shatters illusion. Macbeth is king, or is to be. But that knock insists on what his soul now begins to know, too surely. Evil is *not* good; and from this moment the moral order asserts itself to roll back the crime to its last expiation.

Knock, knock! "Here's a knocking indeed!" growls the Porter as he tumbles out. "If a man were porter of hell-gate he should have old turning the key. . . ." Aye, my good fellow; and that is precisely what you are!

V

Embedded in the works of De Quincey, like a prize in a bran-pie, there is to be found a little paper six pages long,

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and prolix at that, which contains the last word of criticism on this knocking at the gate.

De Quincey starts by confessing that "from his boyish days" this knocking produced an effect on his mind for which he could never account. "The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and depth of solemnity." He goes on to tell us (as he told us elsewhere, in his "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts") how in the dreadful business of the murders in the Ratcliffe Highway—a series of crimes so fiendish that nothing like them again thrilled London until the days of Jack the Ripper—there did actually happen what the genius of Shakespeare had invented two hundred years before. The murderer, one Williams, who had entered the house of the Marrs and locked the door behind him, was startled, right on the close of his bloody work, as he had butchered the last member of the family, by the knocking of a poor little servant-girl, the Marrs' maid-of-all-work, who had been sent out on an errand. De Quincey draws a wonderful picture of these two, one on either side of that thin street door, breathing close and listening, the little maid on the pavement, the stealthy devil in the passage, with his hand on the key, which, mercifully, he did not turn.

[Here be it noted, in parenthesis, how fashionable this effect of the closed door has since become with dramatists. If we study Maeterlinck, for example, we shall find it his one master-trick. It is the whole secret of *L'Intruse,* of *La Mort de Tintageles*—the door with something dark, uncanny, foreboded, something that means doom, on the other side. Maeterlinck has variants, to be sure. In *Les Aveugles* he makes it the shutter of physical darkness in a company of old people, all blind. Sometimes, as in *L'Intérieur* and *Les Sept Princesses,* he rarefies the partition to a glass screen through which one set of characters, held powerless to interfere, watches another set, unconscious of observation. But in one way or another, always the dramatic effect hangs on our sense of this barrier, whether impalpable or solid, whether transparent as glass or dense as a door of oak, locked, bolted, barred.]

Let De Quincey go on. In what happened to the Marrs' murderer he says he found the solution of what had always puzzled him—the effect wrought on his feelings by the knocking in "Macbeth." A murderer—even such a mur-

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derer as a poet will condescend to—exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Yet if, as in "Macbeth," the murder is to be the protagonist, upon him our interest *must* be thrown. But how?

If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting-fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is that in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and, chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man—if, all at once, he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases and the goings on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in "Macbeth." Here . . . the retiring of the human heart, and the entrance of the fiendish heart, was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human beings, human purposes, human desires. Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be isolated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid aside—tranced—racked into a dread armistice. [Time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion.] Hence it is that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds, the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

There are critics who find the Porter's humor offensive and irrelevant: who complain that it is a low humor and ordinary. For answer (if answer be seriously required) I would refer them to "Hamlet," and invite them to explain why Hamlet, after agonizing colloquy with his father's ghost, should break out into shouting back on it, "Art thou

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there, true-penny?''; '' Well said, old mole!'' and swearing his comrades to secrecy upon the profound remark that

> There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
> But he's an arrant knave.

This is the laughter in which surcharged hysteria breaks and expends itself.

The Porter's speech is just such a discharge, vicarious, of the spectator's overwrought emotion; and it is quite accurately cast into low, every-day language, because that which knocks at the gate is not any dark, terrific doom—for all the darkness, all the terror, is cooped within—but the sane, clear, broad, ordinary, common, workaday order of the world reasserting itself, and none the more relentingly for being workaday, and common, and ordinary, and broad, clear, sane.

VI

We perceive, then, with how right an artistry Shakespeare throws all the effect of this knocking upon the souls *within*. Suppose an inferior artist at work upon the theme. Suppose that he sets the scene on the outside of the door. Suppose Macduff and Lennox to arrive in the dawn, after the night of tempest, and to stand there—Macduff with his hand on the knocker, the pair chatting lightly before they ask admission. That were a '' situation '' with no little of tragic irony in it, since we, the spectators, know upon what they are to knock. Suppose the door to open upon a sudden cry and the sight of Duncan's body borne down by his sons into the daylight of the courtyard. That were a '' situation '' indeed—yet how flat in comparison with Shakespeare's!

We may note a special reason, too, why it would have been flat; for this also illustrates workmanship. It is that, excepting only Banquo (and we are to talk of Banquo), Shakespeare has deliberately flattened down every other character to throw up Macbeth and Lady Macbeth into high relief. For why? Because he had, against odds, to interest us in them, and only in them. As I have said, nobody cares more than a farthing for Macduff or for Lennox. Says Dr. Bradley of the Macduffs:

> Neither they, nor Duncan, nor Malcolm, nor even Banquo himself, has been imagined intensely, and therefore they do not produce that sense of

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unique personality which Shakespeare could convey in a much smaller number of lines than he gives to most of them. And this is, of course, even more the case with persons like Ross, Angus, and Lennox, though each of these has distinguishable features. I doubt if any other great play of Shakespeare's contains so many speeches which a student of the play, if they were quoted to him, would be puzzled to assign to the speakers. Let the reader turn, for instance, to the Second Scene of the Fifth Act, and ask himself why the names of the persons should not be interchanged in all the ways mathematically possible.

To be sure they could. Because Shakespeare was taking good care all the time that not one of these should engage our interest, to compete in it for one moment with the two great figures of guilt in whom he had so jealously to keep us absorbed.

In this "flattening-down" (as I call it) of the virtuous characters in "Macbeth" Shakespeare played a stroke which seems worth examining as a stroke of workmanship. The Elizabethan stage, as we know, had not a straight-drawn front with footlights, but threw forward from its broad platform a sort of horn upon the auditorium. Along the narrowed platform a player who had some specially fine passage to spout advanced, and began, laying his hand to his heart—

All the world's a stage . . .

or,

The quality of mercy is not strained . . .

or (raising his hand to his brow),

To be, or not to be, that is the question—

and, having delivered himself, pressed his hand to his heart again, bowed to the discriminating applause, and retired into the frame of the drama. An Elizabethan audience loved these displays of conscious rhetoric, and in most of his plays Shakespeare is careful to provide opportunities for them. But you will hardly find any in "Macbeth." Here, by flattening the virtuous characters almost to figures on tapestry, Shakespeare flattened back his whole stage. Obviously, neither Macbeth nor his lady, with their known antecedents, were the kind of persons to stalk forward and spout virtue; and the virtuous receive no chance, because virtue has all the while to be kept uninteresting.

Moreover, this flattening of the virtuous characters gives "Macbeth" (already Greek in its simplicity of plot) a

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curious resemblance to Greek tragedy in its sense of fatality. I repeat that nobody can care more than a farthing for Macduff on his own account. He had, to be sure, an unusual start in the world; but he has not quite lived up to it. His escape, which leaves his wife and children at Macbeth's mercy, is (to say the least) unheroic. Here, again, I suggest that Shakespeare's workmanship was sure. By effecting Macbeth's discomfiture through such men of straw, he impresses on us the conviction—or, rather, he leaves us no room for anything but the conviction—that Heaven is at work in retribution, and the process of its retribution is made the more imposing as its agents are seen in themselves to be naught.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

(To be Concluded)

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THE ETHICS OF THE WOMEN'S CAUSE

BY DURANT DRAKE

I

NEWSPAPERS and reviews are teeming with accounts of the various phases of the feminine revolt which, after a considerable subterranean working, is now apparent to him who runs. Pleas for and against the shattering of the conventions which have separated the vocations and habits of the sexes are shouted from the house-tops. Clever political manipulation and acts of destructive violence add emphasis and sinister significance to this war of words. But in all the bewildering chaos of passions and demands few voices are raised to call attention to the underlying ethical principles involved. We hear on every hand of what women want; should we not rather ask what they ought to want, what opportunities should be accorded to them, what service required of them, for the community's good? We are told of rights; should we not rather consider duties? It is undeniable that women have been the suppressed sex. Does that prove that it is best for them, and for men (ultimately, of course, the interests of the two sexes are identical), that sex-lines should be broken and woman made over into the image of man? or, if so, that women may use any means at their disposal for effecting this change?

Here are two clear-cut ethical problems that may well invite the dispassionate consideration of the professional moralist. Granted, as we all must grant, that women should be treated justly—*i. e.*, given equal chance for a rich and happy and useful life—does it follow, in the first place, that they should be given identical opportunities and responsibilities; that all sex-boundaries, sanctioned by long custom and of obvious utility, are really unjust or inexpedient? Ought they to be allowed, when the passion for freedom possesses them, to take the bit into their mouths, to kick up

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their heels, and follow uncurbed the leading of their impulses and haphazard ideals? Or must they subordinate their restless longings to whatever restraints and directive guidance the accumulating wisdom of the race may deem necessary? In short, may they claim offhand as a right whatever men have; or must they learn to find their happiness—not necessarily in what men have allotted to them, but in whatever spheres of usefulness dispassionate and free discussion of the matter may ultimately mark out for them?

The second moral question is this: If we agree, or if a number of women agree, that they have rights which are at present debarred them, may they seek to win these rights through lawlessness? Does the desirability and importance of the ends, if granted, justify whatever illegal and intrinsically undesirable means may seem useful for their attainment?

"Votes for women" are no doubt coming, universally and permanently; coming not so much because of any value they may have, for women or for the community, but because enough women want the vote to push hard for it, and few have any interest in opposing them. It is an epoch of expansion for women, and this particular field is one they will occupy with comparatively little resistance. It is impossible at this stage to predict what the balance of actual advantage will be; it will probably not be in itself an important change, one way or the other. It is primarily as a tool with which to effect further changes in sex-status that it will be important; it is as a symptom of a wide-reaching movement, containing far greater potentialities of good and far graver dangers, that it has for us its real significance.

To listen to the average suffrage-lecturer, or to read their pamphlet literature, is, at least for the man or woman of trained mind and unbiased sympathies, an almost inevitable provocation to impatience with the whole business. The best antidote to this disgust is to go the next day to hear an anti-suffrage speaker. In addition to that, if one reflects that men are, after all, no worthier of the suffrage than women, and vote no more intelligently than women will, one is in a properly chastened frame of mind to reckon up probable gains or losses.

As to the ballot in itself, apart from the further ends for which the feminist party avowedly intend to use it, it will probably, on the whole, be a gain to the community to give

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it to women. Not that women are better or wiser in general than men; they are not essentially different, except for those organic differences that the function of sex itself implies. There is no conclusive evidence of any important psychological differentiation, save those general average differences produced recurrently in each generation by bringing-up, environment, and tradition. But there are certain evils which more deeply affect women—as the alcohol trade, prostitution, child-labor, inefficient schools, unsanitary conditions—and it may be hoped that it will be easier to eradicate these evils with their help. How, on the other hand, they may block, by their apathy or conservatism, by the dead weight of their indifference or the positive force of their adherence to tradition, other reforms that men alone might be goaded into putting through, does not yet appear. It is possible that, to greater degree than is the case with men, they may decide important matters by their instinctive sympathies rather than by their reason. One recalls the story (in one's less serious mood) of the woman who, being asked lately for which of the national parties she was going to cast her vote, replied, "For the Republican, the poor dear!"

We must remember that the first flush of enthusiasm for voting will recede and leave women apathetic, probably more apathetic than men. The upper-class women will largely cease voting, women of low ideals will be used by their bosses as men are. But certainly the more voters there are in proportion to the number of "jobs" to be distributed, the more difficult it will be for political bosses, by bribery or favor, to control their majorities. So that while much experience warns us of the desirability of restricting rather than expanding the suffrage, there will be compensating advantages in mere numbers.

Upon the women themselves the effect of possessing the ballot may perhaps be to some degree stimulating, arousing a keener interest in public questions and fitting them the better thereby for the education of their children. It will, at any rate, give them a deeper *sense* of equality with men, and compel from men a more general recognition of equality —which in itself will be no mean gain. It will tempt women into the political arena; and whether that will lower the ideals of women or raise the ideals of politics, it is difficult to forecast.

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The ballot, however, will be but a superficial victory for women. The real struggle will arise when it becomes apparent to all that the militant women are after much more. That they may be free by law and convention to do everything that men do, that they may be free to do many things which even men are not now free to do, is their ultimate aim. To be President, if they can mass women's votes for a woman candidate, to ignore, if they dislike it, what has usually been considered woman's duty, of home-making and child-rearing, to—well, in short, to do anything they wish to do and avoid doing whatever they do not wish to do, seems to be the goal of their propaganda. Free divorce, or free love without marriage, will undoubtedly be among the aims avowedly sought by some. And why not?

The answer would seem to the moralist simple. It is not best for humanity that any class should be free to do as it wills. Liberty has now for long been an over-used concept. The passionate devotion to it of past generations was necessary for the overthrow of irrational tyrannies and arbitrary restrictions. But we are forgetting that restraint is also necessary, and discipline and self-denial and obedience. Women have no rights—no one has rights—to do anything except what makes for the general welfare. We are paying the cost for our excessive worship of liberty in the wretched social situation into which we have drifted; and our salvation can come only through a progressive curbing of individual rights, through an awakening of the spirit of service to supplant selfishness, and through the enforcing of the dictates of that spirit upon those whose wilfulness endangers the whole social structure. The woman-movement is largely an expression of wilfulness, of impatience of restraint. This can, of course, be idealized, and can awaken splendid and self-sacrificing loyalties; but we must not be misled by these. The fundamental requirements of our human nature, and the inexorable conditions of its existence, demand many sacrifices of desire. And so, however deeply we may admire and sympathize with the sex that has been so long repressed and patronizingly petted, however much we may long for women to have equally noble opportunities, and to be recognized through and through as men's comrades and equals, we must not assume that either men or women can rightly be freed from restrictions and often irksome duties.

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Certain fundamental facts cannot be ignored. Woman is a child-bearing and, more, a child-rearing animal. There is nothing humiliating in this fact, however bluntly put, any more than in the fact that man is, by necessity, a money-making animal. Of the two vocations the one that nature decrees to women is the nobler, and, though attended with more pain, on the whole the happier. At any rate, it cannot without disaster be evaded. Children do not thrive well under institutional care; that is proved. They need the personal care, the patient, loving, skilful, endless care of mothers. If the human race is to continue, women must give the best of their strength to its perpetuation; if it is to develop its potentialities, physical, mental, moral, women must give years from their lives, the best years, for the care and nurture of children. They must give preliminary years to the acquirement of the knowledge and skill that shall fit them for this greatest of vocations. And if this task is decreed by nature for women, men are, by a complementary duty, bound to work for the support of the women thus engaged, and for the children—who must be allowed, say, twenty years apiece of play- and learning-time—before they become, if men, producers, if women, in their turn child-rearers. So much division of labor is, in normal cases, inevitable.

Why not be content to follow this leading of nature? Men cannot bear children, nor best rear them; why should not women be willing to leave to them these other, complementary, responsibilities? We have learned the value of division of labor within industries, why not welcome it in our social organization, decreeing to women, by convention and common agreement, that they shall be the home-makers, while men are the producers? Otherwise the lure of business or professional life may lead the ablest and most efficient women to abandon or partially neglect the rearing of children, and we shall witness a decline in numbers and nurture in the coming generations. Homes there will in so far no longer be, but only dwelling-places, the woman's energy as well as the man's being absorbed outside. A greater economic freedom for woman is certainly desirable, that she may not be forced, for support and standing in the community, into a loveless marriage. Greater freedom of acquaintance between the sexes is necessary, that thousands of men and women may not have to live and die unmarried

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for want of meeting a proper mate. But it would seem (though we must speak tentatively and without dogmatism on this matter, until it shall have been thoroughly threshed out) that society must insist that the normal sphere of woman lies in the making of a home and the bringing up of children—a task so arduous and exacting as to forbid its proper fulfilment side by side with any other vocation.

Be this as it may, however, the main point to emphasize is that the question must not be decided by desire or passion. We must cease to be partisans, and calmly weigh gains and losses, in the hope to conserve all that civilization has been aiming at in its hitherto accepted conventions, and at the same time to free women from the disadvantages under which they now stand and provide for a fuller development and use of their faculties. We should be foolish to try to obliterate the charm and picturesqueness of sex-differences, and very wrong to connive with women to evade their inherent responsibilities. We must repeat that *it is not a question, ultimately, of what women want, but of what they ought to want, not a question of rights, but of duties.* The highest good of the community as a whole has precedence over the wishes of any class; the legislation and conventions of the future must be based not upon any plea for liberty, but upon solid considerations of general human welfare.

But the second query we have proposed for our consideration has not only a more superficial timeliness, it is actually a more important question. It involves possibly the gravest of all the moral problems that now confront us —one that is not obviously pressing as yet, but that looms menacingly on the horizon for those who have eyes to see. Militancy, like suffragism itself, is but a symptom—the latter of the general uprising of the hitherto stifled sex, the former of a new audacity in the use of violence to further causes. Whether a few more castles are burned or prime-ministers stoned, whether, indeed, blood flows in English streets, as it yet may, is not fundamentally important. But whether this destructive violence *succeeds,* accomplishes its end, is superlatively important. The moral question now up for trial is this: *May those who believe in a cause seek to achieve its triumph by a destruction of property, or of life, intended to intimidate their opponents into granting their will?*

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We may rest assured that if the women succeed through this method, the lesson will not be lost upon other classes and parties. We have already witnessed the calculated use of dynamite by industrial rebels, and heard the direct instigation by some of their leaders to the destruction of property or life, in order to obtain the concessions which they believe are their due. A pamphlet lately issued by the Industrial Workers of the World asserts their intention to use "any and all tactics that will get the results sought with the least expenditure of time and energy. The tactics used are determined solely by the power of the organization to make good in their use. The question of 'right' and 'wrong' does not concern us. . . . In short, the I. W. W. advocates the use of militant 'direct action' tactics to the full extent of our power to make them."

The conviction of the McNamara brothers has temporarily put a damper upon dynamiting in this country. There is a lull in the French use of *sabotage,* and in the bomb-throwing of anarchists. The Socialist party is not yet committed to violence. But if the suffragettes succeed, or even seem to have succeeded, by this method, we may look for a resurgence of such barbarism. Impatience with tardy legal methods of reform is altogether too natural to men, as well as to women. The strongest efforts to educate the public conscience and create a universal sentiment against lawlessness will hardly avail for our escape. Such efforts, however, are scarcely being made. And now a little band of excited women are doing more to advertise this easy and alluring method of working for a cause than all the anarchists and downtrodden workers together. We may presently see the proletariat using these weapons far and wide for the furtherance of their, to them holy, cause; the saloon interests trying desperately thereby to avert the wiping out of their business; radicals of whatever stamp combining to thrust through threats their wishes upon the law-abiding and property-holding public. In the name of civilization, the British legislators cannot afford to give in now; nor, however dearly we may cherish their sisters' aims and resent their grievances, can we now hope for them to win. The price of victory would be too great.

The evolution of morality has involved a progressive discipline, a tightening of the checks upon the individual's methods of attaining his ends. Money, for example, is a

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legitimate object of desire; but the code of the race more and more clearly formulates the Commandment, Thou shalt not steal! Thou shalt not steal by taking money from thy neighbor's till, by forcing thy competitor out of business, by adulterating thy goods, by paying low wages to thine employees! So to those who have at heart a cause the collective conscience more and more distinctly warns, Ye may work for this by all fair means, but ye shall not obtain it by violence or destruction, by lawlessness, by shaking the foundations of orderly self-government! It insists that the rules of the game be obeyed—which in a democracy means, among other things, that all changes must be made through the winning of votes and the influencing of legislators by fair argument and the persuasion of eloquence. Bribery, direct or indirect, is not playing fair; intimidation by the calculated destruction of property is not playing fair. *It is not only criminality, it is the most dangerous type of criminality,* the kind that is not ashamed of itself, that takes refuge under the banners of an appealing cause and invites others to similar deeds.

That the method of the militants is un-Christian needs no exposition; it is about as exact an antithesis to the Christian spirit as could be pointed out. It is a wonder that some pious prophet without a sense of humor has not designated Mrs. Pankhurst as the antichrist; probably some one has. Christ was indeed not the mournful-eyed anemic saint of the medieval painters; he was apparently a passionate and vigorous man, ready with sharp denunciation, keen satire, flashing wit, as well as with profound sympathy and an infinite tenderness. But his saying, "Not peace but a sword," was unquestionably metaphorical; his hatred of militancy is proved not only by his rejection of the method at his Temptation—where the suggestion is explicitly referred to the devil—and by his admonition to Peter to put up his sword at the time of his arrest, but by the whole tenor of his discourses and his life. As Matthew Arnold phrased it, his method was that of sweet reasonableness—not exactly the method of the militants—and it is worth noting that the success of the propaganda he started has been far greater than that which any violence has ever brought. We have, in the incident reported by Luke, in which the disciples wished to call down fire from heaven to consume the Samaritan village whose inhabitants had not fallen in with

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their desires, a close parallel to the contemporary situation in England. "But he turned and rebuked them, and said, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.'"[1]

The teaching of Christ on this point may well be supplemented by that of another great prophet. When Socrates, shortly before his execution, was urged by Crito to escape from that cruel and unjust sentence, he refused to break the law for his personal advantage.

"Consider the matter in this way" [he said]: "Imagine that the laws and the government come and interrogate me: 'Tell us, Socrates,' they say, 'what are you about? are you going by an act of yours to overturn us—the laws and the whole state—as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a state can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and overthrown by individuals?' We might reply, 'Yes, but the state has injured us and given an unjust sentence.' 'And was that our agreement with you?' the law would say, 'or were you to abide by the sentence of the state? [Every one] must do what his city or his country orders him, except as he can change their view of what is right! Listen then, Socrates, to us who have brought you up. Think not of life and children first, and of what is right afterward, but of the right first. If you go forth, returning evil for evil, or injury for injury, breaking the covenants you have made with us, and wronging yourself, your country, and us, we shall be angry with you while you live, and our brethren, the laws in the other world, will receive you as an enemy; for they will know you have done your best to destroy us. Listen, then, to us and not to Crito.'[2]

The Greeks never learned this lesson, and they paid the penalty here prophesied, in the collapse, one by one, of their city-states.

But if militancy is un-Christian and un-Platonic, it is at least human, and has been used from time unknown. Men have gained their ends by force, say the women—why not we? The *tu quoque* argument is not strong theoretically; but practically it goes home. Yes, men have been wicked and lawless; women are now getting even. But what a pity that they are seeking this evenness, this equality, by coming down to the level of men rather than by trying to lift men up to their former level! We had hoped for better things from women.

If militancy is war, it is the meanest and most demoralizing kind of war. It is one thing to fight squarely, to take the risks of battle, to dare your enemy on and meet him in the open. It is another and a baser thing to destroy innocent

[1] Luke ix, 55.

[2] Plato, *Crito*, 50–54, condensed.

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people's letters, to smash innocent people's windows or heads, to burn historic houses, to hire ruffians to do criminal acts of various sorts, to make trouble generally for everybody. It is not war, it is intimidation through secret or open destruction of property; psychologically, and in its effects, a very different thing.

Much of all this comes from a pent-up love of excitement, with some risk—but not too much; zest in being in the foreground of events. It is a natural reaction from the deadly monotony of the life that too many women lead, whether household drudges or idle society parasites. One wonders how it is that they have not smashed things up long ago. But even when idealism is mixed with it, it is a selfish idealism, which is perhaps more dangerous than outright selfishness. Just as there is an *égoïsme à deux,* there is a class-egoism, a habit of putting the desires of a single class before the welfare of the community as a whole, which is extremely difficult to combat or to shame, because it parades under the guise of devotion to a cause.

The women's cause has thus become hopelessly tangled. Righteous as their underlying protest is, elements of selfishness and wrong-doing have so entered into their campaign that, though sympathizing with their needs, we cannot wish them success. It is not that we could not excuse and forgive their methods—for they have much to forgive in men—but we cannot afford to exculpate them. The only hope lies in the possibility that the great mass of sound-hearted Englishwomen may rise and rebuke their mad sisters who put the winning of an end before a scrupulousness about means, class advantage before the general welfare, victory before ideals.

DURANT DRAKE.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

I DOUBT if the class of readers into whose hands the books of Anatole France are likely to fall will care very much about his angels. The conventional ideas of Heaven and the angels are at the present time so alien to the skeptic that he can find but little pleasure even in their ridicule. And on this one point I should like to consult a true-blue Anatolian (to which proud title I have no claim, having read but a scant half-dozen volumes of the master): Is he not at times even for you, good Anatolian, a tiny bit too obvious? It is true that faith is pathetic and that faith is also absurd, and that the contrast between a pure faith and a knavish morality in the same soul is ridiculous; but when he conveys these simple matters in his crystal style, are they not sometimes a little too palpable? Or to take some instances from the present volume:

When Arcade, the guardian angel of young Maurice d'Esparvieu, decides to assume human form and reside for a time on this earth, he surprises the young man at a meeting with Madame des Aubels, and to the great embarrassment of the young couple plunges into a long and learned discourse on the nature of angels as established by the writings of the Fathers, the causes of their new revolt, and other matters.

"Nonsense," said Maurice, shrugging his shoulders, "you are not going to revolt against—" He pointed to the ceiling, not daring to finish.

But the angel replied:

"Do you not know that the sons of God have already revolted and that a great combat took place in the sky?"

"That was a long time ago," said Maurice, putting on his stockings.

Said the angel:

"It was before the beginning of the world. But nothing has changed since then in the skies. The nature of the angels is no different to-day from

[1] *La Révolte des Anges.* Par Anatole France. Calmann-Levy. Paris, 1914.

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what it was in the beginning. What they did then they can do again now."

"No! it is not possible: it is contrary to the faith. If you were an angel, a good angel, as you pretend, you would not have the idea of disobeying your creator."

"You deceive yourself, Maurice, and the authority of the Fathers condemns you. Origen declares in his homilies that the good angels are fallible, that they sin every day and fall from heaven like flies. Perhaps you are tempted to reject this Father in spite of his knowledge of the Scriptures (if I dare say it), because he is excluded from the Canon of the Saints. In that case I will remind you of the second chapter of the Apocalypse, where the angels of Ephesus and of Pergamos are reprimanded for having failed to guard their Church. You will allege, doubtless, that the angels of whom the apostle here speaks are properly the bishops of these two cities, whom he called angels on account of their ministry. That may be so, I grant. But what do you oppose to the opinion of so many doctors and pontiffs who all teach that the angels are subject to good and evil? Saint Jerome affirms it in his Epistle to Damasus. . . ."

"Monsieur," said Madame des Aubels, "leave us, I beg of you."

But the angel did not hear and went on:

"Saint Augustine, On the *True Religion,* chapter XIII; Saint Gregory, *Morals,* chapter XXIV; Isidore . . . Bede, on Job . . ."

"Monsieur, I beg of you . . ."

"Chapter VIII; Damascenus, on *Faith,* Book II, chapter III."

There is humor, of course, but of a sort that is almost too authentic. Even the best of Anatolians must weary of elemental incongruities if indefinitely prolonged. An invisible angel browsing among the volumes of the d'Esparvieu library, frightening the librarian out of his wits, taking human form and clothing himself in the rags of a suicide, living in an attic, frequenting restaurants and cabarets, drinking, gaming, brawling with the police, dueling, philandering, cheating, lying, betraying his friend, and at every point finding sound theological or philosophical or angelic warrant for everything that he does, offers, I admit, the widest ironical, satirical, sardonic, and humorous opportunities. It is of course quite absurd that an archangel should be playing the flute in a Paris orchestra, writing a musical comedy that no manager would accept, living with a little chorus girl who snubs him, and keeping his wings in a cupboard where they are eaten by moths.

Then drawing his former comrade in celestial glory into the kitchen entry, he (the archangel) set his candle down, drew a key from his pocket, opened a cupboard, and, lifting a cloth, disclosed two large white wings.

"You see," said he, "I have kept them. From time to time, when I am alone, I go and look at them. It does me good."

And he wiped his reddened eyes.

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After a few moments of mournful silence he held the candle near the feathers, which in spots had lost their down.

"They are being moth-eaten," he murmured.

"You ought to put pepper on them," said Arcade.

"I have," replied the angel-musician, with a sigh. "I have used pepper, camphor, and salt. But it does no good."

The causes of the celestial revolution are set forth with some precision. The more advanced thinkers among the angels had ceased to believe that the God of the Jews and Christians was the only God, or that he had created the heavens and the earth, or that he was eternal and infinite. At most he had merely organized a small portion of the world, and even this part was very badly managed. He himself had been a polytheist at first, recognizing many others of his own degree, but later pride and the flattery of his adorers had made him a monotheist. In short, he was no more than a demiurge, who had usurped powers formerly shared with Dionysus and many others, and his real name was not Jehovah but Ialdabaoth. Ever since the fall of Lucifer affairs in Heaven had been at a standstill. Human beings did after their crude fashion progress, but the angels always remained the same, and the majority were content with things as they were. The angelic middle class—*la petite bourgeoisie céleste*—consisting of the Virtues, Dominions, and Powers, were, like the middle class everywhere, narrow-minded, timid, and selfish. The upper class, the Cherubim and Seraphim, were sunk in luxury. There was no incentive to improvement. Why should the mind bestir itself in a land where the climate was so soft and existence so easy? Thinkers are rare even on earth where need pricks on the intellect; in Heaven they are still rarer. Heaven has always been a military autocracy in which public opinion has no voice.

The angels do not reason at all; men, superior to the angels, do reason, though badly. I am not speaking of those professors who think to define the absolute by means of sounds that they have inherited from the pithecanthropus, the apes, the marsupials, and the reptiles, their ancestors. It is fine buffoonery. How the demiurge would be amused by it, if he were intelligent.

As a *reductio ad absurdum* of Jehovah, Heaven, and the angels, this is no doubt excellent. There is frequent play of fancy and of wit; the style is admirable; and the satire of Anatole France has always, as is well known, faultless

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and charming manners. Yet somehow it is not as amusing as it ought to be. Perhaps this is because satire at the present day requires objects less remote than Jehovah, Heaven, and the angels. It is difficult to rehabilitate Beelzebub, not because people are of one mind concerning Beelzebub, but because they are of no mind at all. One can burlesque a prime minister, a department store, a House of Lords, or a Jew peddler; one cannot effectively burlesque a cloud. In short, a certain degree of intimacy between ourselves and the object of derision would seem to be necessary, and it is doubtful if even a very great genius could, for example, satirize in a manner pleasing to the modern mind the follies of Egypt under the Hyksos or the goings-on of the Pelasgians, however inherently absurd. This may not be the proper explanation of it, but I believe the best of Anatolians must flag at times under this long angelic allegory. It is as if Mr. Bernard Shaw were to apply all the resources of his subversive intelligence to a ludicrous rendering of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

And we need have no scruples in measuring the pleasure we find on the surface without regard to the thought beneath, for by the terms of his own philosophy there can never be a thought beneath. The chief tenet of his creed as a thinker is the futility of all thinking. Thought, he has elsewhere told us, does not govern the main affairs of life, or enable us to judge men, or lead us to the truth. It is, he says, the worst of all things—the "acid that dissolves the universe"—and the whole world would vanish the moment its inhabitants began to think. By sentiment alone, not by reflection and intelligence, do men attain "the highest and the purest verities." Thus, to take him at his word, we ought not to try and think about his angels, but merely to find in a sort of animal way what pleasure we can in their company. As a pleasure-giver he is more successful in his guesses at flesh and blood. The mundane characters in the present volume are, some of them, adorable, and he ought to have let us stay with them, instead of dragging us off to that celestial farce. It is more fun in a book to meet a new friend than an old cosmogony, and the art of creating him is a higher art.

Perhaps there is no other writer who could, in a novel of some four hundred pages, deal so gracefully and lightly with the following themes: The origin of all religions; the apoca-

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tastasis; the dawn of civilization; animism; the mythopeic tendency; euhemerism; the history of Greece till her downfall; the history of Rome till her downfall; the stages of Gallic culture till the influx of the Burgundians; Gothic art; medieval superstitions; the abominations of Latin Christianity; the Renaissance; the Reformation; the pre-revolutionary philosophers of the eighteenth-century; militarism; scholasticism; the debate between nominalism and realism; Napoleon; clericalism and the law of separation; pragmatism; the history of heaven to the present moment; and a bird's-eye view of God. But I for one prefer him in a mood less encyclopedic, as when describing some corner of Paris that he knows, or detaching from universal history some concrete dog, cat, old college professor, or young chorus girl that is palpable to a finite intelligence.

The universe, as conceived by Anatole France, is guilty of the one unpardonable sin: it is uninteresting. On the other hand, the little people here below, so far as he gives us a glimpse of them, are very charming indeed. Better than all his battles in the skies is the following account of General d'Esparvieu in the drawing-room, expounding the art of war:

> General d'Esparvieu was recounting the great autumn manœuvers to some palpitating ladies. He spoke with art and pleased them. Drawing a parallel between the French and German methods, he defined their respective characteristics, brought out the merits of each with perfect impartiality, and did not hesitate to say that each presented certain advantages. At first he pictured Germany on equal terms with France, and the faces of the ladies darkened and grew long. But little by little as he developed more specifically the two methods, that of France seemed supple, elegant, vigorous, full of grace, spirit, and gaiety, while that of Germany appeared heavy, awkward, and timid. And little by little the faces of the ladies brightened with a cheerful smile. The general, then, to reassure these mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, told them that we were able to make use of the German method whenever it was to our advantage to do so; whereas the Germans were quite unable to make use of ours.

F. M. Colby.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

LETTERS OF EDWARD DOWDEN AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1914.

With Edward Dowden, criticism, far from being a mode of self-expression, was a task that demanded the complete elimination of personality, "a subordination of self to the faithful setting forth of the entire truth of one's subject." No one at all familiar with his writings could well imagine that the lack of a personal element in them proceeded from a hard, dry, uncommunicative spirit; yet few outside the circle of his intimate friends can have guessed how much profitable pleasure his published correspondence would give to all honest-minded readers who care for the things of the intellect and strive to harmonize its claims, as he did, with those of life and of duty. Professor Dowden was a great letter-writer; he enjoyed writing to his friends (in fact, he was inclined to prefer this way of communicating with them), and he took pains to write well—to do himself justice. One feels, with constant satisfaction, just this—that the letters do the man justice. They are careful in expression, even studied—as good in style as anything he ever wrote;—but he was quite unlike those weak-eyed observers of life who have to look at a thing askance—as men do at a faint comet—in order to see it clearly, and must needs write hastily and moodily in order to represent their real selves. On the contrary, the more intently and directly he took time to see, the more "natural," in all true senses of the word, he was.

The Edward Dowden whom we come to know through his letters—and we come, it seems, to know him really well—is a man, above all, of singular equipoise; a man of warm sympathies, yet carefully just; of catholic tastes, yet of uncompromising discriminations; a thoroughly normal man. "I have always had good health," he says somewhere, in explaining a certain want of sympathy with romantic uncanniness, "and my father brought me up on Whately's *Evidences*." He is capable, not only as critic, but as man, of big, clean thoughts: these come to him without special effort. "I wonder," he remarks, casually, in a letter to his brother —"I wonder how many thousands of souls has industry saved. How much true enlightenment and liberality of mind commerce has brought about. A great deal, I think." And then he passes lightly to another topic; for he always knows exactly what he can best say in a given space of words or time, and never bores us with the struggle to think on paper. The thought remains unamplified; but we rejoice at even a bit of *that* kind of thinking. Here and everywhere the man's mental output is totally unlike that of the morbidly or shyly solitary thinker, though Dowden loved solitude in a measure, as do most men who are thinkers at all, and believed that the best flowed out of him, not in the tumult of many ideas, but in

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"the brooding possession of a few." Human contacts, to be sure, are necessary to preserve mental balance such as his.

And along with his equipoise he possessed in rare unison the blessed gift of humor—of humor with an occasional note of "irrepressibility" in it, such as we may think characteristically Irish; though he called himself, in deprecation of such a thought, merely a "half-breed Irishman," and certainly was never in the shallower sense patriotic for Ireland. He was in fact rather discontented with the restricted round of life in Dublin, and found in the life of the country nothing with which he could particularly identify himself. For the notion that a national literature could be built upon the ancient folklore and epic base he had but little sympathy. The literary soil of Ireland seemed to him, on the whole, rather thin, and for hothouse growths he did not greatly care. On one occasion, indeed, he deliberately and bravely incurred unpopularity by writing to the committee in charge of arrangements for the Moore centenary, to the effect that such an honor as a centenary celebration should be reserved for poets in a high sense of the word great. Perhaps, after all, the note we catch in his humor is that of the eternal boy rather than of the Celt, though Celtic enough are his heartiness and his flexibility of spirit. If in us there be anything of these qualities, we warm to him the more because he is able to write even with remote irreverence to Wordsworth, the poet he loved and so often defended: "I made only one purchase—a portrait of Wordsworth, in which he looks like a silly old sheep going to baa out some sonnets." If there be a possible humorous side to Wordsworth, this possibility has seldom been better hit off in a few words.

As a man who drew strength and wisdom from literature in almost the same way as from life, Professor Dowden knew how to speak the right word of encouragement to fellow-writers dispirited by the reaction from a completed task, and to hearten the good workman without overpraising the goodness of the work. He would, too, on the least occasion, come to the assistance of a man with whom he fundamentally disagreed, when he thought that the latter had been too sharply assailed. Thus he promptly and vigorously replied to a friend who blamed Matthew Arnold rather too sweepingly for his failure to understand Shelley, that Arnold could take a sympathetic view of Shelley only by violating the unity of his own intellectual life. Moreover, in Dowden, along with this robust sense of truth and justice—as of the strenuous and large-hearted toiler—there is an occasional subtlety as far as possible from being the fruit merely of learning and the generous exercise of the mind. Now and then he would outline an intellectual emotion as delicately as could Pater—as when, for instance, he speaks of "the deep fact of fraternity, which is like a finer sex—a certain invisible barrier lying beyond it, as a certain barrier lies between man and woman." A man is known by the phrases he makes, and Dowden's phrasing—felt as a constant enrichment of his thought and as the power to meet adequately the demand of every right feeling—proves him, even in his prose, something of a poet: his prose has in unusual measure the poetic element without which writing of whatever kind is but the salt that has lost its savor.

A poet, indeed, he was, by instinct and by lasting preference—though not embittered, as some writers of less poetic talent have been, because the world would have from him prose instead of verse. "One of my afflictions," he wrote to his friend J. A. Noble in 1878, "is a theory that I

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could do my best work in verse, and the circumstance that every year my lectures lead me to accumulating a quantity of material that is pleasant property for my outer mind, but is a positive injury to the soul within the soul." No doubt he was right as to this, but he was still more right in the determination that kept him to his soberer tasks. The verses he did compose he thought "so far good that each is a genuine record of some moment of pleasure or some moment of mastery of pain; but I know how small a pinhole in the universe they all peep at." At least he had the pleasure of knowing that this work of his was sincere and of worth—a knowledge unspoiled by over-modesty or by disappointment.

He had his share of drudgery as a teacher, and he hated the dreary toil of making out examinations and reading papers, as all the elect do. "Think of having to torture Adonais into questions, and then to find that one's own questions are indeed poetry compared with the answers which a foolish conscience obliges me to read." Yet his conscience went deeper in such matters than the foolishness of reading dull papers. He desired to give his pupils the literary bread of life, in larger measure than is usually possible. "I am afraid," he once wrote, "we in college lectures give too much of the history of literature, and too little of literature itself. I should like to have a small class sitting round a table, and go through chosen poems from such books as the *Golden Treasury*—trying to deepen the feeling for what is beautiful in literature, rather than the talk about books and authors which may tend certainly to broaden, but does not do much to deepen, one's sense of what is best in poetry." Despite drudgery, there is plenty of evidence that Dowden took pleasure in most kinds of the work he did; including the literary joinery and work of remodeling involved in making a little book out of his big book on Shelley—this last a very real kind of enjoyment, as he testifies.

As a critic he, in later years, charged himself with "too ready submission" to authors whom he was "right in admiring with qualifications," and wished to set forth his reservation about such as Goethe, Walt Whitman, and George Eliot. The writers mentioned, however, are not the ones with whom his name is chiefly associated and whom he most studied. These were, of course, Shakespeare, Shelley, and Wordsworth, and in relation to them he could scarcely accuse himself of partisanship, beyond the involuntary partisanship of imperfect human knowledge. He was, indeed, no blind worshiper at any shrine. "No poet," he wrote, "has been, or ever can be, to me quite what Wordsworth has been, for during many years I was lost in him. It was Shakespeare who made me a citizen of the world; but all my vows (substitutes for those of poverty, chastity, and obedience) were heard by Wordsworth." Yet there is temperateness in his ardor: the maximum of sympathy with the minimum of hyperbole. Toward Shakespeare he felt, like others, great and small, a kind of awe—"I looked on each of his great plays as a huge Alp in an Alpine range"—and he confesses that he has often turned from him, "in order to read what I admired far less." The less great could hardly hold him. Drawn to Browning as he was inevitably in the beginning—as to Walt Whitman—he eventually tired of him. "My falling away from Browning," he wrote in 1902, "dates from 'Pachiarotto.' . . . I seemed to have learned by heart all he had to tell, and I did not want it said over in a more tangled way." As attesting his catholicity as a critic and his sensitive response to genius, it is pleasant to know that Dowden was among the first to note the

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promise of Swinburne—a soul so different from his own and from those he most admired. Writing in 1865, he told his brother: "If I were to risk a prophecy I should say that Mrs. Swinburne's *cousin*, I think, the author of 'Atalanta in Calydon,' is the most promising of the young writers." Dowden was always well aware of Swinburne's posing, and by a law of his own nature he disliked the poet's diabolism and excesses of all kinds; but he could admire even where he did not wholly like, and he had a good word even for Swinburne's critical faculty, "full of fire and penetrating admiration," though "quite untrustworthy." Always despite much "submission," he preserved his soul entire; he dreaded to lose himself in the "maelstrom" of Goethe, and cried out from the depths that Goethe is not an all-sufficing gospel.

As in the case of nearly all great men, we are smitten with wonder, when we approach his life closely, at the much that Dowden accomplished despite drudgery and distractions, though to him our "much" was little enough. Professor Dowden liked his leisure and his musings. "I swim and walk and lie on the cliffs in the sun all day and every day," he writes from the coast of Kerry; and often to a similar effect. He had time for this sort of thing, though not so much as he wished for; and one letter reveals him as an interested, if not an enthusiastic, golfer. We remember that the fine spirit that sees its way clearly and moves undistractedly, knowing that there are other things in the world besides labor and learning, may surprise us by the amount of its accomplishment as well as can the spirit, less fine perhaps and altogether strenuous by temperament, of the born delver.

THE BERRY PAPERS. Edited by LEWIS MELVILLE. New York: John Lane Company, 1914.

One would like to find in these letters of Mary and Agnes Berry—genuine, familiar records of social life from 1763 to 1852—one would like to find in these letters, rescued from forgetfulness and carefully edited, something of real value to human nature and to scholarship; and one is inclined to feel some shame that one is not easily able to do so. The special claim of the Berry sisters to our consideration is that Horace Walpole took very particular notice of them. "Many who would long since have sunk into oblivion," writes Mr. Melville, "survive until to-day in the pages of the greatest biographer or the greatest letter-writer that the world has ever known. This, it must be confessed, is the lot of Mary and Agnes Berry." For them Walpole wrote his *Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and George II.*, and to them he dedicated the famous *Catalogue of Strawberry Hill*. He was lover-like toward both in a caressing, elderly way, and he playfully referred to them as his two wives. So far as the personality or genius of the Earl of Orford is concerned, the record is not very illuminating. It shows him perhaps rather more in the light of a good-natured and somewhat silly old fellow than we have been accustomed to think of him. He was even said to be jealous of the friendship of Mary Berry for the talented sculptress Mrs. Damer—before her marriage, Anne Seymour Conway—whose statue as the Muse of Sculpture, carved by Ceracchi, stands in the entrance-hall of the British Museum.

As personalities, the letter-writers are, for the most part, grievously disappointing. The sisters and Mrs. Damer are extremely garrulous, and as

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informing as a nice sense of what was due to their position in life allowed them to be. They are garrulous—but not like Pepys. Pepys, one supposes, might nowadays be described as what is popularly called a "low-brow"; the Berrys, on the contrary, and Mrs. Damer—especially *Mrs. Damer*—are quite painfully "high-brow"—the latter term connoting, it may be supposed, something of the affectation of learning. Mrs. Damer is endlessly guilty of the present much-berated fault of using a French word where an English word would do as well (the heinousness of this crime was not widely appreciated in the early eighteen-hundreds), and, what is worse, she is for ever dragging in Latin quotations by the hair of their heads—not sparing even the venerable *Forsan haec olim meminisse juvabit.*

All three ladies continually protest their undying affection for one another, and they squander a vast deal of paper and ink in proving to their mutual satisfaction how exactly right and consonant with the highest ideals of ladyhood and good sense are their opinions upon largely rather trivial matters. Really, they run on at a terrible rate. One section of the book is devoted to Mary Berry's love-affair with General O'Hara—the same who figures in all text-books of American history as the officer by whom Cornwallis sent his sword to Washington at Yorktown. They were betrothed, it seems; but they never married—largely, we gather, on Walpole's account: a circumstance which seems to imply a rather weak supposal of the soldier's worth, or a serious lack somewhere. The affair is not heart-warming. Indeed, if the letters are interesting at all, it is for the same reason that they are rather unattractive: namely, that they are stained so deeply with the spirit of society in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Much of the gossip in the book reminds one somewhat of the language attributed (no doubt falsely) to the Knave of Hearts:

> "My notion was that you had been
> (Before she had this fit)
> An obstacle that came between
> Him, and ourselves, and it."

"Is the right word," we ask, somewhat puzzled, "'important' or 'unimportant'?" The ladies are bowed on to the stage by Walpole, and bowed off, with perfect grace, by Thackeray. All "the between" is rather barren; though there is mention of contemporary notables on nearly every page of the letters, and the close student of the period will doubtless find something to ponder in them.

FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENTS. By F. LAURISTON BULLARD. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1914.

The war correspondents are men one likes to know something about; they are in many cases men of parts, men of resource, too, whose delightful and dangerous business it is to be where the most excitement and danger are to be found. Mr. Bullard, in his workmanlike book, *Famous War Correspondents*, gives substantial and often picturesquely interesting accounts of the best known "specials," from William Howard Russell to Richard Harding Davis. The volume seems specially good reading for the young man interested in newspaper work or for the student in a school of

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journalism; for, besides being interesting, it gives some insight into the methods and personal efficiency of the men who give the world timely news of great battles, and incidentally it adequately emphasizes the dignity of the profession.

Mr. Bullard makes a real contribution to the history of his subject by calling attention to the fact that the art of war correspondence, in anything like its modern form, was first practised and developed by the men who reported the war of 1846 and 1847 between the United States and Mexico. These American newspaper men who rode with Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor had to do their work under exacting conditions; they displayed as much enterprise in getting and sending the news as have the men of a later day; and they antedated Russell, who is commonly looked upon as the inventor of war correspondence. Before them, and him, there had been Henry Crabbe Robinson, who called forth the protests of the Duke of Wellington by his reports of military operations in the Peninsula in 1807 and 1808, and Charles Lewis Gruneisen, who in 1837 was sent by the *Morning Post* to watch the Carlist campaign. But Crabbe Robinson thought it no part of his duty to see a battle, and though Gruneisen did see fighting he had none of that competition to contend with which strains the nerve and taxes the brain of the modern war-reporter.

To the general reader the book comes not amiss, for the narrative not only acquaints us with interesting personalities, but brings certain historic occasions somewhat vividly before us. To follow the war correspondent in the field is a pleasant way, so far as it goes, of reading history. We learn how Russell, despite hostility, published his accounts of abuses and sufferings in the Crimea, and how he saw the charges of both the Light Brigade and the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava; how Archibald Forbes witnessed the meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon III., and how he entered beleaguered Paris; of the strange ride of Januarius Aloysius MacGahan through Central Asia to Khiva in pursuit of a Russian column, and of how the same man came to be called the Liberator of Bulgaria. We read about Frederick Villiers, who used to draw pictures on a little pad while bullets spattered around him; about picturesque Edward O'Donovan, Bennett Burleigh, the five Vizetellys, adventurous Winston Spencer Churchill, Creelman, who led a bayonet charge at El Caney; Richard Harding Davis, and the shy, enigmatic Stephen Crane, who was described by Davis as the coolest man, whether officer or civilian, whom he saw under fire at any time during the Spanish War.

The book is a storehouse of the kind of truth that is more strange and vivid than is most fiction. It is written, if one may say it without disrespect to a noble profession, in a somewhat "journalistic" way: facts of biography or history, dates and details, beckon our attention hither and thither, while outlines are sometimes blurred. Nor are all the extracts the author takes from the writings of famous correspondents always very readable, now that their substance is no longer news. But the book itself is readable, as a whole, and worth reading.

WITH POOR IMMIGRANTS TO AMERICA. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

Much as one likes Mr. Graham's style and his way of getting at the less obvious truths of things, one cannot but feel somewhat disappointed in

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his new book *With Poor Immigrants to America.* To most readers—especially American readers—this volume of sketches, which tells a little of the immigrant in the steerage, a very little about the immigrant after he lands in America, and a great deal about how America impressed an Englishman who tramped from New York to Chicago, will seem far inferior in charm and interest to Mr. Graham's book of last year, *With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem.* Part of the apparent falling-off is due, no doubt, to the nature of the subject-matter in the new book as compared with that of the old. Truly there are few such experiences awaiting an Englishman who speaks Russian like a native and knows the humbler forms of human nature with the knowledge of sympathy, as the journey to Jerusalem in company with a thousand devout Russian pilgrims. Mr. Graham made good use of the opportunity this journey offered. He made his book *With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem* a true interpretation. Into it he put mature and educated feeling, ripened thought. His American sketches, on the contrary, are rather scattering and hasty; they lack, of course, to us, the effect of strangeness which his account of the Russian Pilgrims possessed in an eminent degree; and the interpretations he offers are of a sort that have grown rather familiar to our ears. The voyage in the steerage was brief and rather uneventful; Mr. Graham had no time to enter deeply into the life of New York's East Side; his experiences with the American farmer, with the American housewife, and, rarely, with the recently arrived immigrant, were in the main much like what any one of us would expect to meet with on a long tramp from East to West. One is sorry that the author was not oftener able to exercise his remarkable gift of getting the essence of a man's life-story or character out of him, and making it as interesting to the reader as fiction. He makes some discoveries, of course, and now and then he speaks from his heart in a way that is telling. "One thing I noted in America," he writes: "that the blossom of religion seems to have been pressed between Bible leaves, withered and dried long ago. What is called religion is a sort of ethical rampage. . . . Far from fearing God, preachers announce from their pulpits that they are 'working with Him,' or 'co-operating with the inevitable tendencies of the world,' or 'hastening on the work of evolution.' For my part, I believe that it is my sacred due to my brother that he be given an opportunity of facing this world, the mystery of its beauty and of his life upon it, that he find out God for himself and learn to pray to Him. But that is at once Eastern and personal." The tone of this confession of faith is grateful. On the whole, however, the author's contrast of East and West, of Russia and America, is of a somewhat obvious sort. We have been a good deal written about by foreigners other than Mr. Graham; and Mr. Graham, in his very readable and even enjoyable book, has written about us, as the others have done, well.

A Far Journey. By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

Perhaps no other class of immigrants make a greater change of environment in coming to live in the United States than do the Syrians. Their own land differs wholly from ours; it is a land of little things and of primitive ways in most matters. Arabic, the language the Syrian speaks, is so radically different from English as to make thinking in the words of our

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tongue a far more difficult task for him than it is for the man of Teuton or Latin race. Even the mistakes of pronunciation which the Syrian makes are of a sort more likely to render his speech unintelligible than are the corresponding errors of the German, Frenchman, or Italian who is learning to speak English. Yet the Syrian is "assimilable" in a high degree; he is by nature kindly; he is often commercially capable; moreover, he has ideals of civilization and even of scholarship, and is inclined to be intellectually ambitious. It is worth noting that learning among the Syrians is held in some reverence and the poet is not scorned.

Mr. Abraham Mitrie Rihbany gives us, in the beginning of his autobiography, pictures of Syrian village life and society which enable us to understand the violence of the contrast, as he felt it, between New York City and his old home near Beyrout. The author tells of the fierce contentions between rival clans in his birthplace—contentions, however, which seldom resulted in the death of any combatant—and he makes us feel the fascination that clannishness certainly exercises upon the human spirit, whether in Kentucky or Syria. He tells us amusingly, but not contemptuously, of how his father strove to rid himself of a row of magnificent oaks which stood close to his land, shadowing his mulberry-trees and drawing their nutriment from his soil. The elder Rihbany tried prayer, and was willing to try magic, but he would not, as he was advised to do, resort to poison. It was all crude enough, but pleasant enough, too; the life, we gather, was sufficiently spacious for a boy, though it soon became too narrow as the boy approached manhood.

Mr. Rihbany is a man whose life has been such as to enable him to moralize now and then with good effect, and we listen to his occasional reflections upon life with more respect than we do to most utterances of this kind. Looking back upon his boyhood, he writes: "I realize most clearly how limited, how meagerly inventive, is love without culture; how almost helpless is sympathy without knowledge. Love is, indeed, 'the greatest thing in the world'; but without knowledge, acquired knowledge—real culture—love is like a skilled workman without his tools, a mariner without his chart and compass."

This, no doubt, is one of those commonplace truths which only one speaking from experience can make us heed. The author's whole life, his struggle for advantages that many of us possess and hold lightly, shows the value of even a little education; and it shows, too, how even under adverse circumstances, enlightenment, thought, the habit of thinking freely and truly, does its work. Mr. Rihbany was expected to be a stone mason like his father, and toiled at this trade; but the thought of endless manual labor stifled him, and he insisted upon getting an education. He entered the American boarding-school at Sûk-el-Gharb, and soon his religious views underwent a transformation; the Bible, which he now read and studied for the first time, affected him as strongly as it did Englishmen when it was first given to them in English. The result was that he discarded the teachings of the Greek Orthodox Church, in which he had been reared, and became a Protestant. This turning from the old faith to the new seems to have been rather a matter of gradual conviction than of emotional experience; it was one of those quiet alterations of the mind that may matter as much to the soul as do stormier changes.

For several years Mr. Rihbany was a teacher in a Syrian school. Then, at last, he took his great resolve and went to America. For a time he was

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editor of a Syrian newspaper in New York City. Later, he became a lecturer and drifted from place to place, often penniless and disheartened. But after long waiting and at least one cruel disappointment, he obtained what he most wanted, a college education, studying as a special student at Ohio Wesleyan. After leaving college he became for a brief period a political speaker; but his goal was the ministry, and when the political campaign of 1896 was over he accepted the invitation of the Congregationalists of Morenci, Michigan, to become their pastor. His life-story is an unusual one, and it reveals a sufficient depth of thought and character to give it somewhat more than the interest of novelty.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By W. T. YOUNG, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1914.

"This little book," says its author, "attempts to advance a step toward the ideal of a History of Literature which may be used without being abused; in other words, which may be accepted as a guide to deeper and wider reading, not as a short-cut to a superficial and specious knowledge of the classics of our language." The treatise is scholarly and evidently inspired by a vital interest in English literature. The only question that arises in connection with it is whether it does not go somewhat far in the direction indicated in the passage quoted from the preface. Extreme economy of space—the book contains but little over two hundred pages of text—augments the difficulty encountered in all such manuals—the difficulty of adjusting the claims of closely crowding facts with those of illuminating comment and description. As to the descriptive part of Professor Young's work, one finds it something of a fault that the general characterizations are seldom such as to convey very definite ideas to readers not already pretty familiar with the works described. Nothing, of course, could be worse than "specious," second-hand knowledge in place of real, first-hand knowledge; yet there is room for such a gift of graphic, if somewhat hyperbolical, characterization as was possessed by Lowell, and for the humane persuasiveness of an Andrew Lang. In dealing with the facts the author has shunned a rigid, text-book style, and adopted that of a rather condensed lecture. Facts of little more than tabular significance are woven into fluent sentences, and it is doubtful whether the gain in apparent grace and coherence compensates for a kind of smooth impenetrability to intellectual grasp which such a treatment presents. Professor Young's work is in its way zestful, and it is far from pedantic. It is possible to conceive of a book both more stimulating and better adapted to thorough, detailed study.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DISRAELI AND FRENCH

SIR,—Sir William Richmond, in his very interesting article on "Conversations with Prince Bismarck" in the September REVIEW, in referring to the Berlin Congress quotes Bismarck as saying: "The diplomatic language to be employed was French. Disraeli refused to speak in it, a tongue with which he was not familiar. He spoke in English."

The story of how Lord Beaconsfield came to address the Congress in English is somewhat differently told in *Collections and Recollections*, as follows:

"When the Congress of the Powers assembled at Berlin in the summer of 1878 our Ambassador in that city of stucco palaces was the loved and lamented Lord Odo Russell, afterward Lord Ampthill, a born diplomatist if ever there was one, with a suavity and affectionateness of manner and a charm of voice which would have enabled him, in homely phrase, to whistle the bird off the bough. On the evening before the formal opening of the Congress Lord Beaconsfield arrived in all his plenipotentiary glory, and was received with high honors at the British Embassy. In the course of the evening one of his private secretaries came to Lord Odo Russell and said, 'Lord Odo, we are in a frightful mess, and we can only turn to you to help us out of it. The old chief has determined to open the proceedings of the Congress in French. He has written out the devil's own long speech in French and learned it by heart, and is going to fire it off at the Congress to-morrow. We shall be the laughing-stock of Europe. He pronounces *épicier* as if it rhymed with *overseer*, and all his pronunciation is to match. It is as much as our places are worth to tell him so. Can you help us?' Lord Odo listened with amused good humor to this tale of woe, and then replied: 'It is a very delicate mission that you have asked me to undertake, but then I am fond of delicate missions. I will see what I can do.' And so he repaired to the state bedroom, where our venerable plenipotentiary was beginning those very elaborate processes of the toilet with which he prepared for the couch. 'My dear Lord,' began Lord Odo, 'a dreadful rumor has reached us.' 'Indeed! Pray, what is it?' 'We have heard that you intend to open the proceedings to-morrow in French.' 'Well, Lord Odo, what of that?' 'Why, of course we all know that there is no one in Europe more competent to do so than yourself. But then, after all, to make a French speech is a commonplace accomplishment. There will be at least half a dozen men at the Congress who could do it almost, if not quite, as well as yourself. But, on the other hand, who but you can make an English speech? All these plenipotentiaries have come from the various Courts of Europe expecting the greatest intellectual treat of their lives in hearing English spoken by its greatest living master. The

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question for you, my dear Lord, is, will you disappoint them?' Lord Beaconsfield put his glass in his eye, fixed his gaze on Lord Odo, and then said, 'There is much force in what you say. I will consider the point.' And next day he opened the proceedings in English."

The latter story is so good that perhaps you may care to reproduce it in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

R. WATSON,
Former Colonial Secretary of Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

MEXICANS AND INDIANS

SIR,—The writer rejoices that in your interesting July number the article entitled "The Real Mexican Problem" is followed by "The Changed American." The latter explains the former; otherwise it would seem impossible that you could have found a professor of history in an American university apparently subscribing to such sentiments as these:

"We may possess ourselves of the soil of Mexico and of all that appertains thereto by virtue of the selfsame logic and the identical legal and ethical considerations which always justified to our fathers' consciences their dispossession of the red man in that part of North America called the United States, the home of Liberty, of Freedom, of Justice—for white men. . . . Indians have no rights which white men are bound to recognize. . . ."

The author several times contradicts himself, as, for example, on page 47, when he says: "The white men *invaded* North America"; and in the next paragraph declares: "Indians cannot be *conquered* nor can their territory be *invaded*."

In his characterizations of our history he is undoubtedly correct, but assuredly he errs in thinking the Mexicans of to-day no better than our own savage nomad tribes. Apparently he has not read Prescott or visited the modern city of Mexico, where he would find a national opera-house superior to anything of the kind we have in the United States. The Spanish colonizers are known in history as "conquerors" (*conquistadores*), and Cortés captured the city of Mexico one hundred years before Captain John Smith landed in Virginia or the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. The Mexican Indians were not nomads like our own, but the Aztecs disputed with the Incas the place of supremacy in civilization in the New World. They lived in permanent cities, built of stone or brick and *adobe*, possessed a calendar with approximately correct divisions of time, and their canals and other public works surprised the Spaniards by the knowledge of engineering displayed in their construction.

Our own Indians have never been converted to Christianity. The Mexican Indians, with the exception of one or two isolated tribes, when not corrupted by unprincipled leaders, are and have been for four centuries good, docile, and industrious Catholics. Even in the recent revolution they were no more savage than the participants in the late Balkan wars.

It is not true, as the author intimates, that Indians are the owners of the Mexican soil. The landlords, comprising about twenty-five per cent. of the entire population, are as Caucasian as we in the United States and are an educated and refined class, many of them poets, painters, and musicians of

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no mean order. Indeed, the fine arts are practised in Mexico to a greater relative degree than in our own country.

How absurd then are such comparisons!

The author's logic would seem to be that of Captain Kidd. In the words of "The Changed American" above referred to—"our neighbor has property. Why not take it from him—under the forms of law, of course, but still so as to convert his property to our own use?"

H. R. L.

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA.

APPRECIATION

SIR,—I have been an admiring reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ever since Colonel Harvey left *Harper's Weekly* and became its editor. It was the taste I got of the Colonel's quality in the *Weekly* that led me to follow him to THE REVIEW.

The October number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is superior to any magazine I ever saw. The first article, the one by the editor appealing for the support of the President, is one of the finest essays I have ever read. I wanted a friend to read it, so I marked it; when I finished the magazine I found I had marked every article save one, and that I hadn't read.

After reading the editor's article I said to myself, Macaulay, Thackeray, Symonds, Goldwin Smith, Walter Pater sit closer, here is one worthy of a seat on your throne.

I didn't know till now that my old friend THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was a centenarian. I must congratulate her on her robust health and youthful appearance.

JOHN L. LANK, M.D.

MONONGAHELA, PA.

SIR,—Between the "Horrors of Peace" and the "Horrors of War" it is hard to choose a place to live.

And this is Armageddon! It does look some like it indeed.

"Since upon night so sweet,
Such awful moan could rise."

But for forty years the Kaiser overcame the forces of inertia and kept down the dogs of war.

You put news and knowledge all together so skilfully that your thirty-five-cent magazine is worth as much as a one-dollar-and-a-half book.

JAMES F. MALLINCKRODT.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

SIR,—I want to express to you the great satisfaction I derived from your most admirable article, "Uphold the President." While greatly admiring President Wilson and his administration for the most part, I heartily agree with the criticism you make in regard to the extravagance of the Democratic party, which is such a gross violation of its solemn promise to the electors.

It seems to me that one of the gravest dangers and tendencies of the

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Government to-day is the tendency to increase the army of official pensioners and to enlarge the executive functions of government in such a way as to menace the integrity of free government by making the executive departments overshadow the legislative and, to a certain extent, the judicial departments. Departments, bureaus, and permanent commissions are increasing on every hand, and what is most disquieting to me is the fact that the Democratic party, which is supposed to be the conservator of the Jeffersonian theories, appears to be vying with the Republican party in this doubly dangerous innovation.

Quite apart from the principal objection—that is, the menace to free institutions—is the economic objection. Every department, bureau, and commission established not only increases the army of officials to be supported by the taxpayers, but invariably leads to a number of new appointments and increased expenses, incurring a vast amount of unnecessary taxation. It seems to me that we are becoming a commission-ridden people. Our city, State, and National Governments seem to be tending toward bureaucracy, with Russian and German ideals taking the place, to a great extent, of the old robust democratic theories of the elder days.

B. O. FLOWER.

BOSTON, MASS.

WHAT TO DO TO TREATY-BREAKERS

SIR,—The editor in the September number of THE REVIEW, in writing of the flagrant breaches of treaty obligations which have characterized the opening of the war, struck one hopeful note when he declared that never had the breaking of solemn obligations met with such universal disapprobation as now.

Skeptics assert that back of every agreement made between man and man or nation and nation lies force, which alone guarantees their enduring —force of law, represented by the courts, or force of arms. If a man breaks his agreement he can be arraigned, judged, and punished. If a weaker nation breaks her agreement she can be overpowered by a stronger one. But it does not often come to pass that the Lamb troubles the stream of which the Wolf will drink! And how then shall a strong nation which breaks its solemn promise to a weaker state be dealt with? Who shall arraign it before the International Bar? That is not difficult. Who shall judge it? Of judges there will be no lack. But who has the power to punish it?

Once the liege lord sat above the penalties his vassals suffered, even as his donjon towered above their huts. Once a king could do no wrong. But what king would dare slay ambassadors to-day? And now even the nations do not dwell, like the gods, on an Olympus above the law.

But where is the force which is to punish their breakings of the rules which they themselves have made and sworn to observe? *Public opinion.*

It is the Jack the Giant-killer among the ogres, slight of stature, yet invincible when it has climbed the beanstalk of publicity.

The strength of public opinion has never yet been really tested. It is newer even than wireless electrical manifestations. So far the demonstrations of its power have been so slight and as apparently uneventful as the scraping phonograph toys and the early experiments of Galvani. It has been a high-sounding term which conveyed no definite impression; yet certain

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Columbuses, while waiting for queens to pawn their jewels, have peered across the oceans, sensing the majestic outlines of this vast new continent. Here they behold prophetically the birth of legions, the harvests of sustenance for armies which shall set forth to subdue ancient wrongs, proud and confident from lack of opposition.

As to this new continent of our America, streams from many lands shall flow of men who shall behold from a wider horizon, free from narrow sectionalism and jealousy, the old boundaries.

Let us see how in a small way this force of public opinion already exerts its influence. Laws are made, but public opinion enforces them. Those who govern in council and cabinet decide that certain measures are advisable, and set about the machinery to put them in motion. But Public Opinion thinks otherwise and calls out, at first quietly, then with a voice that resounds through legislative halls until perforce its call must be heeded. In the business world, public opinion goes by another name—business honesty—and the business conscience is tuned to play higher notes than those which the mere law requires. Perhaps it is in the social life that its power is most felt. A man is not prevented from beating his wife—provided he has an inclination for such exercise—by the penalty which the law may inflict upon him, but by the remarks which his next-door neighbor will make about his brutality. Most of us are far more sensitive to criticisms of our manners than of our morals. The punishment which public opinion metes out to the offender who transgresses its code may seem ridiculously inadequate—a cut, a boycott by those whose society he has shared, a back turned when a hand is held out—yet such methods have driven men to suicide. It is the punishment of Cain—the mark on the forehead and the loneliness.

Is it possible to apply such methods on a larger scale effectively? Is there anything in these general truths which can be fitted to the conduct of nations? Even in this universal turning of plowshares into swords, in this reversion from diplomatic measure to armed force to settle Heaven knows what is the question, no cannon have as yet destroyed the Peace Palace at the Hague. Foolhardy indeed would be the nation that dared demolish it and wipe out the words of hope that have been written within its walls! No! They will do no more than ignore it, forget its existence, until the day of exhaustion or victory. Then before the fields even have turned from red to green again they will remember it. Its very walls will accuse them and they will start running toward it from every side, shouting out like school-boys: "I didn't begin it!" "He was bigger than I." "He wasn't fair." "He hit before I was ready; punish him!"

And then comes the day of Public Opinion and her judgment. She has said in every language and in the code of the savage as well as that of much-vaunted culture, that solemn agreements must be kept; that he who breaks what he has sworn to uphold is an enemy of human progress. A neutral country has been invaded after reiterated promises that its neutrality should not be violated. "What have you to say for yourself?" asks Public Opinion. "It was necessary, a matter of life and death to me!" is the excuse. That is not sufficient justification answers the judge. "That road leads to Chaos. You are guilty."

Suppose, however, even this judgment pronounced, that the guilty nation were still the stronger, that all its neighbors together could not force it to its knees to apologize. What then could Public Opinion do? Listen to its verdict:

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Guilty! Your penalty shall be social ostracism. Your neighbors shall not speak to you; their children shall not mate with yours; they will never sing your songs nor invite you to their feasts. A conqueror—if you have conquered—may forbid actions; he cannot control non-action or silence. You shall be sent to Coventry until you acknowledge your wrong.

Let us be practical now and see exactly how such a threat might be carried out. When war is over and conditions in Europe are fairly normal again, suppose the nations at The Hague Tribunal arraign those countries, vanquished or victor, who have broken their solemn treaties. If they have lost, their loss is the fortune of war, but not the special penalty of violation of agreements. That must be a separate punishment, one which will confront in the future any other nation which might urge the same excuse of necessity—a warning which might prevent a similar action. As in the civil courts, when for one reason or another a man's body cannot be imprisoned, he is fined. Let this penalty, then, take the form of a huge fine—millions, to be used not as a war indemnity, but to be expended in some manner for the benefit of all Europe, restocking the ravaged farms, perhaps, rebuilding hospitals, or furthering the cause of international peace. Until this sum were paid let all diplomatic amenities be suspended with the penalized country. If some form of diplomatic representation were absolutely necessary, let no civilities accompany it, no brilliant uniforms be worn, no interchange of courtesies. Let the guilty countries be boycotted commercially—an idea which Atherton Brownell has recently portrayed dramatically in his peace play, "The Unseen Empire." Let tourists abstain from traveling to their cities; let painters refuse to exhibit in their galleries, singers from singing in their operas; journalists from writing of their doings.

At first the penalized countries would laugh to scorn such a punishment, would refuse to be frightened at such mild measures, but gradually the accumulated impressions of their isolation would annoy, anger, and finally overwhelm. From every class of their society appeals to the government would flow in to pay the fine—from which their lands would also reap some benefit—that they might again be welcome at their neighbors' firesides.

Suppose this be tried.

V. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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OUR CENTENARY

PERHAPS we should say "Centennial," because that implies a celebration; but "Centenary" signifies "a hundred years in the life of a person or an institution"; and that is what A.D. 1915 is going to be. Not in the life of a person, no, no; a leap from Madison to Wilson would transcend human capabilities; in the life of an Institution, that is it; because assuredly, after a full hundred years of publication without the missing of a single number, that is what THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has come to be.

Would that it were the person at that! He would be William the First of THE REVIEW, founder and editor, as another became William the Second fifty years later—a teething period well remembered by his living successor. The one was a Tudor, the other a Howells, as names go, both Welsh by descent, and followed, conformably to historical tradition, after another half-century, by a Stuart, whose name also, we suspect, would have been William if he had discovered a circulation worth while.

William the Second is still with us and presently will address you upon the Fascinating Vicissitudes of an Editor in Boston, or something like That. We, in common with all humankind, are glad he is here because, beyond any one else, he continually and with dogged persistence refreshes our minds and keeps them young. But upon second thought regret at the not untimely departure of William the First (in 1832) becomes less poignant. We find upon inspection that he prefaced his first article in the first number of this REVIEW with these carefully selected words:

[The Editor, in making some researches in the history of North America, was induced, for his own convenience, to form a *catalogue raisonné* of

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works relating to it. As this may be of some utility to persons engaged in similar pursuits, and not wholly uninteresting to others, he means," etc., etc.]

And then he begins:

"*Virgo Triumphans, or Virginia in generall; but the south part thereof in particular; including the fertile Carolana, and the no less excellent island of Roanok, richly and experimentally valued.*"

Which reminds us so pungently of *Arma virumque cano, Trojae qui primus ab oris* that we fear that William the First might find modern expression in his great REVIEW out of step, so to speak, and disapprove; and, if so, naturally we should worry.

But what we started to say, partly with intent to convey valuable information and partly for advertising purposes, is that the Centennial Celebration of this American Institution called THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is going to be worth heeding. Nearly every member of the big "REVIEW Family," comprising former distinguished contributors, has welcomed the opportunity to say what is in his mind about whatever interests him chiefly.

Then there will appear many reproductions of essays and the like from numbers published scores of years ago, and portraits of former editors and other good men, and facsimiles of odd pages and yet more peculiar verses, and—but we must not hold up the regular procession longer.

The fact, however, should not be overlooked that *now*—*i. e.*, before the January number shall be published—is the time to begin to prepare to get ready to suggest to your friends to *subscribe*—for THE REVIEW? no, no—to the doctrine of Benevolence, Philanthropy, and True Helpfulness, to wit:

What *A* proposes to *B* that *B* might well do for *C*.

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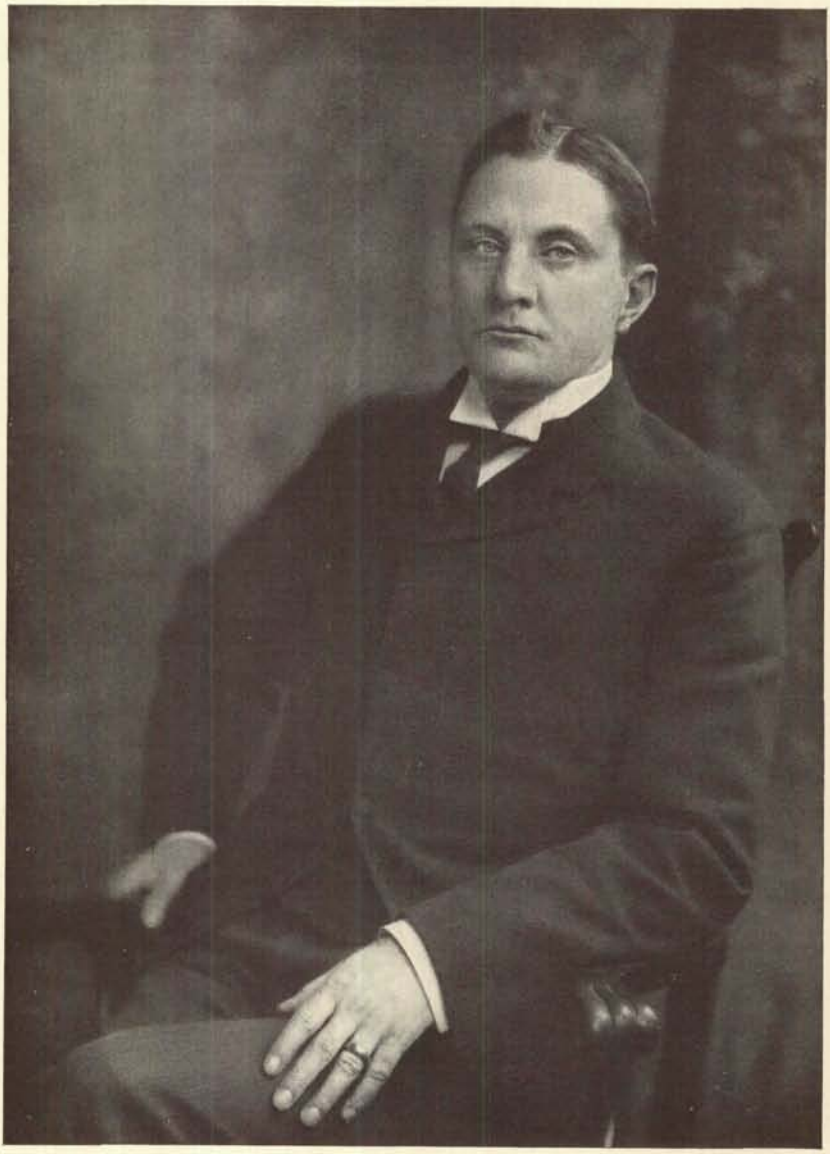

FREDERICK T. LEIGH

BORN AUGUST 30, 1864. DIED NOVEMBER 10, 1914

TREASURER OF HARPER & BROTHERS AND ASSOCIATED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS WITH THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS "REVIEW." A TRUE AMERICAN WHOSE DOMINANT CHARACTERISTIC WAS FIDELITY, WHOSE MIND NEVER HELD AN IGNOBLE THOUGHT, AND WHOSE LOSS IS IRREPARABLE.

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